

The Sketch

No. 918.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



CREATOR OF A GREAT FASHION AND OF MANY DANCES: Mlle. CLEO DE MÉRODE,
WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Mlle. de Mérode is giving a series of solo dances, including a Normandy dance, a Greek dance, and a gavotte. She is one of the most famous beauties of Paris, and has been on the stage in that city since she was seven, when she danced at the Opéra. She is the creator of many dances, and will be remembered as the introducer of the fashion of wearing the hair over the ears, a fashion she herself still follows. She comes of an ancient French family.—[Photograph by Reutlinger.]



Tom B.
The Lonely
"Bachelor Girl."

What a lot of goodness there is in the world! This may be a platitude, but if you invariably shun platitudes, you may as well shut your eyes to the business of life altogether. Last week I quoted a few sentences from a very pathetic letter I had received from a correspondent signing herself "Bachelor Girl." My correspondent has been in London a year. She has a business of her own, and a little flat of her own, but not a single friend. Evidently, she is of a very retiring, sensitive disposition; it is extremely difficult for such people to make friends, especially in London. I confessed that I did not know how to help my correspondent, and appealed to some kind lady reader for her advice. This appeal has brought me quite a budget of letters. Most of the writers suggest that "Bachelor Girl" should join a club or society, but I am afraid they do not take her probable excessive shyness into account. It would be agony for such a girl to be plunged, suddenly, amidst a number of strangers. I have known experienced men of the world, on joining a new club in London, to be almost afraid to use it for the first time. One lady writes: "I should be pleased if you would put me in communication with the lonely 'Bachelor Girl.' My sister and I are similarly placed and should like to meet a friend." I will certainly do so if "Bachelor Girl" happens to see this Note and will send me her name and address.

ENGLISH HOLIDAY SONGS.

(With Apologies to Mr. A. P. Graves.)

No. I.—THE JOYS OF DITCHING.

Of all the callings on the earth,
A-ditching most I covet;
A banker? Yon's a biggish berth,
But I'd soon cease to love it.

Your banker he's a wretched elf:
All day his palm is itching
To keep a florin for himself.
Life's kinder far wi' ditching.

And if next year the brewer's beer
Should poison my poor wife, Oi'd
Soop oop some water from the ditch
And die o' honest typhoid.

Your city air down under there
Just makes my larynx teeny;
But here, wi' dust from motor-cars,
I sing like Tetrizzini.

Encouragement for Vegetables.

I am glad to read that the National Vegetable Society has been doing good work. There have been a certain number of elevations to the Peerage in the vegetable world. You will presently have the pleasure of meeting Lady Blanched Cardoon at your table; she will possibly be escorted by Lord Couve-Tronchuda, formerly known as Sir Common Kale. If Kohl Rabi happens to be present, you should ask him to say grace; he is a cabbage in the shape of a turnip, which is quite a different thing from a wolf in sheep's clothing. Lord Salsify, long recognised as the oyster of the vegetable world, also figures in the Honours List. It is good to learn, moreover, that the humbler vegetables were not passed over. Many varieties of potato have received the honour of knighthood, whilst the Onion Tribe is represented in this lengthy list by Ailsa Craig, Wroxton Globe, and the Giant Rocca. The Custard-Marrows by the way, have at last come to their

own. For the future they are to rank with the Williams-Pears, the Ordinary Marrows remaining on a par with the Cooking Pears. (Please note that the privilege of the hyphen is not extended to commoners.)

"Unmarried and Undeluded."

At this time of year, I am always astonished at the number of amateur journalists who contribute to the columns of the daily newspapers. Stranger still is the fact that they catch precisely the style and tone of the journal to which their contributions are forwarded. Indeed, were it not that their opinions are put in the form of letters, they might very well demand payment for them, to say nothing of a permanent position on the sub-editorial or literary staff. Take, for instance, this moving passage from a letter signed "Unmarried and Undeluded": "The tragedy of a woman's life is too often that she does not understand her husband. The nobility and beauty of it is that she will not allow herself to admit it. Oh, if the husbands only suspected the effort, the anguish, the tears that it costs women to preserve the illusion of their ideals! Men think they delude their wives. But really it is the wives who painfully delude themselves. That is why unmarried women with any experience of life have always a clearer understanding of man. They have no necessity to blind themselves to the truth." I can form no opinion of "Unmarried and Undeluded's" understanding of man, but I congratulate the editor who printed her letter on getting such excellently inflaming copy for nothing. And I know something of the average editorial letter-bag.

Where Do They Find Them?

Then we have another letter from a gentleman who is certainly worth five pounds a week in the fiction department. I do not mean to suggest that his anecdote is fiction—Heaven forbid! But see how graphic he is! Note how easily he obtains and holds the attention of the reader! Mark the balance of his sentences—an accomplishment very rare in the untrained writer: "Just before I reached the summit I was startled to see a figure on a rock above me. I had been looking straight before me, and could not imagine how I had escaped seeing the man—or woman—approach. On drawing nearer, I saw the figure to be that of a very tall girl. She wore, apparently, a short skirt and a plaid or golf cape of some darkish brown or green tartan. Her long hair was blowing wildly round a face the features of which I was not near enough to remark, but which I could see to be of extraordinary whiteness. She appeared at first as though she neither heard nor saw me; the next moment, she beckoned to me wildly, ran to the rock's edge, and was gone." How fortunate that this apparition appeared to a gentleman who had the literary capacity to make the very most of it in a letter to a newspaper! Believe me, there is a Providence that watches over these things—in the month of August.

A Hint for Sarah.

An American actress of the name of Fenwick has stolen a march upon her sisters in art. "In order to see whether her acting is as perfect as she can make it," I read, "Miss Fenwick has picture records made of her acting at rehearsals at home." As luck would have it, somebody interviewed her on the idea. "I expect," said Miss Fenwick, "that everyone of prominence will adopt it soon. It is frightfully expensive, but it is worth it." Miss Fenwick is at present playing the young lady in "The Brass Bottle" who is so surprised when her dear papa is turned into a mule. For the rest, so far as I remember, she has to say, "Oh, Harry!" repeatedly. Anyhow, it is a comfort to know that she is as earnest as she is rich.

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"JIMMY": DRURY LANE'S FAMOUS MUSICAL DIRECTOR WEDDED.



IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES: MR. JAMES GLOVER, WHO WAS MARRIED TO MISS KATHLEEN COLLINS ON SATURDAY LAST.

Mr. James Glover, familiarly known as "Jimmy," the well-known composer and musical director of Drury Lane Theatre, was married at Westminster Cathedral on Saturday last to Miss Kathleen Collins, daughter of Mrs. R. Grantz Collins, of Montreal. The wedding was a very quiet one, but there was a big reception at the Waldorf. Mr. Glover stipulated that there should be no music at the Cathedral or during the reception. Mr. Glover has been at Drury Lane for seventeen years, and has just signed a contract for another five years. Save for two productions (when Drury Lane was sublet), he has written the music for every drama and pantomime presented there during the last seventeen years.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor: Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
To-morrow, Thursday, Sept. 1, at 7 punctually

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"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

THIS week we have pleasure in presenting to our readers a photogravure plate as a special supplement, the subject—Beauty in a Bower—being one that is, or should be (we cannot answer for the English climate!) particularly appropriate as a souvenir of summer. Readers of *The Sketch*, and confirmed playgoers—two classes of the community who, we believe are practically identical—will have no difficulty in recognising Miss Gabrielle Ray as the lady in the bower. The roses above her head will, no doubt, suggest quotations to the poetically minded, such as "queen of the rosebud garden of girls," while the daisies at her feet will, of course, make them think of "ray-fringed eyelids of the morn."

HAMBURG.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers "HIRONDELLE" and "PEREGRINE," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Corridor Train, Dining and Breakfast Cars.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.**TO ARTISTS.**

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

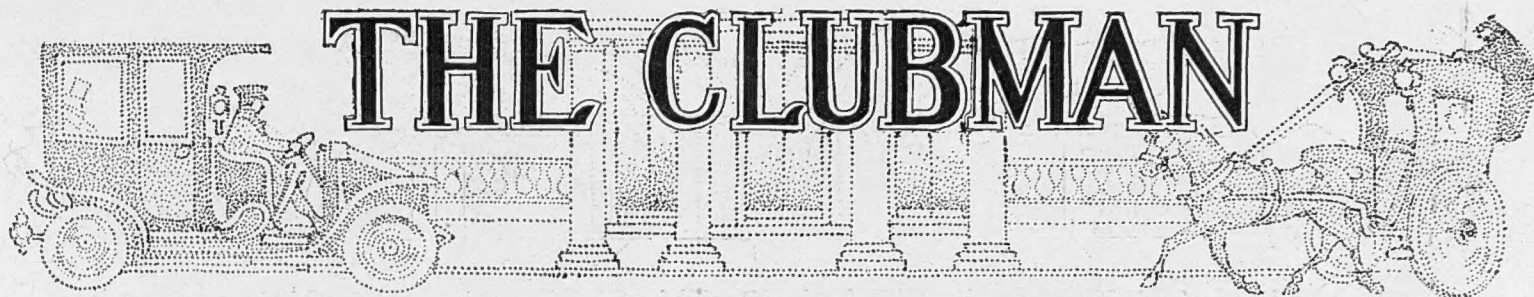
No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



An Austrian Gymkhana.

It was not called a gymkhana on the posters and the programmes, it was there described as a "Grosses Sportfest," but it was a gymkhana all the same, with a wonderful variety of events. It was held on the racecourse outside Karlsbad one Sunday afternoon, and all the townspeople and the garrison and the various corps of volunteers went to it. A special train came out from Karlsbad and ran half-way up the side of one of the big pine-covered hills, a second engine pushing from behind. When the train reached a mountain path which leads down to the racecourse it halted, and down the track poured the passengers. The generals and staff-officers, with all their orders on their light-blue breasts, drove out to the course in smart two-horse Viennese victorias; the citizens came on foot, or in *einspänner*s, or in omnibuses which were filled to suffocation; the forest-guards and the post-cart drivers and the firemen and the post-office sorters, all in full uniform and very martial, swaggered down with their wives on their arms; the American millionaires swirled down in enormous motor-cars, and the local corps of sharpshooters marched to the grandstands headed by their bands. There was one moment of cacophony worthy of Strauss when three brass bands and a string one were all playing at once within a radius of a hundred yards.

A Varied Programme.

Never was there a more varied programme. There were foot-races for local athletic societies; and races for farm-hands, in the old dress of the province, on farm-horses; and trotting races, and galloping races in which one could distinguish the horses one from another even if their riders fell off, for each had a great bow of ribbon of its owner's colours tied on to its tail; and races for the fine plump donkeys which draw old ladies up the Karlsbad hills in bath-chairs; and races for one-horse carriages which ply for hire in the Karlsbad streets; and races for two-horse victorias. In the first race there were one hundred runners, for five athletic societies had each entered twenty competitors. As all the friends of the competitors were admitted free, and as most of the other people who did not want to pay for admission climbed over the fences when the officials were not looking, the reserved enclosures were very full before the start for this race. The runners were arranged in groups of five at twenty flags, placed at regular intervals round the course, and banners of the colours of the teams were passed on from group to group, every man having to run about fifty yards. The blue-and-white athletes proved collectively the fleetest, and the I.Z. colours came in second. Then all the hundred competitors marched past the winning-post amidst much enthusiasm, to the music of the band.

In the Paddock. The scene in the paddock was amusing. The farm-horses, with long manes and tails, had all been well fed up with oats. Their owners rode them about between the races, their saddles having brass peaks shaped like horses'

heads, and their saddle-cloths being as big as table-cloths, and of violent colours. When a race was being run all the farmers dismounted and rushed to the rails, and their horses indulged in a kicking match until such time as they were recaptured and re-mounted.

A boy who was to ride in the galloping race put on his blue jacket before the proceedings commenced, and galloped his mount backwards and forwards in the paddock all the afternoon, in order that it should be well exercised before its race. A patient old grey trotter, harnessed to a "sulky," stood in the midst of the turmoil with its eyes shut, moisture dripping from its pendent lower lip, a bandaged foreleg held up to give it rest. It looked exactly like the caricatures Americans draw of their trotters. A crowd was all the afternoon about the *einspänner*s, which were to race late in the afternoon, and when I found that one of these was the carriage in which I had been driven out to Elbogen two days before, and that my Jehu on that occasion was to drive in the race, I became a violent partisan,

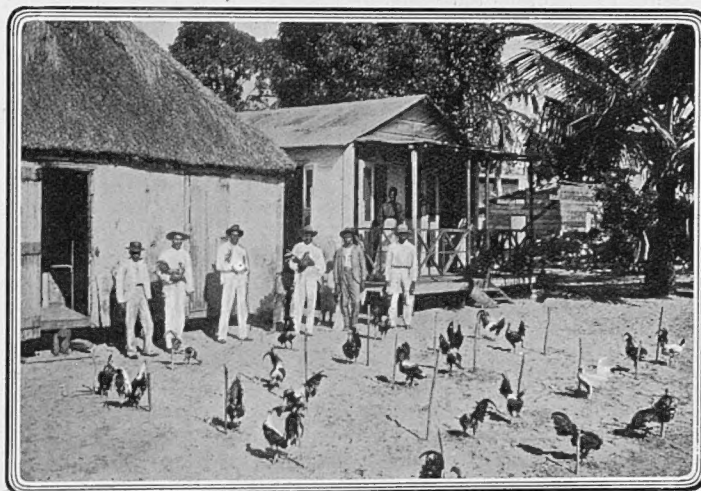
even to the extent of investing five kronen on my old friend at the totalisator.

An Einspänner Race.

Alas! the drive to Elbogen had not been good training either for horse or driver. The latter was duly impressed with the fact that he carried my money in the race, and shook hands with me before he drove down to the starting-post. But I should have remembered that no good could possibly come to me through betting on a Sunday afternoon. My Elbogen conveyance was amongst the "also ran." The *einspänner*s made a fine show as they came down the course, and I am sure that in old Roman days no chariot-race for local horses ever aroused any greater enthusiasm than this race did. As far as I could understand the driver of my conveyance, who sought me out to explain, there were a score of reasons why he ought to have won, but did not. But what most rankled in his mind was that the winning *einspänner* did not come from Karlsbad at all, but from Fischern, which is a suburb on the other side of the river. He seemed to think that any driver who came from the other side of the Eger had, somehow or another, an unfair advantage.

The Egerländer Race.

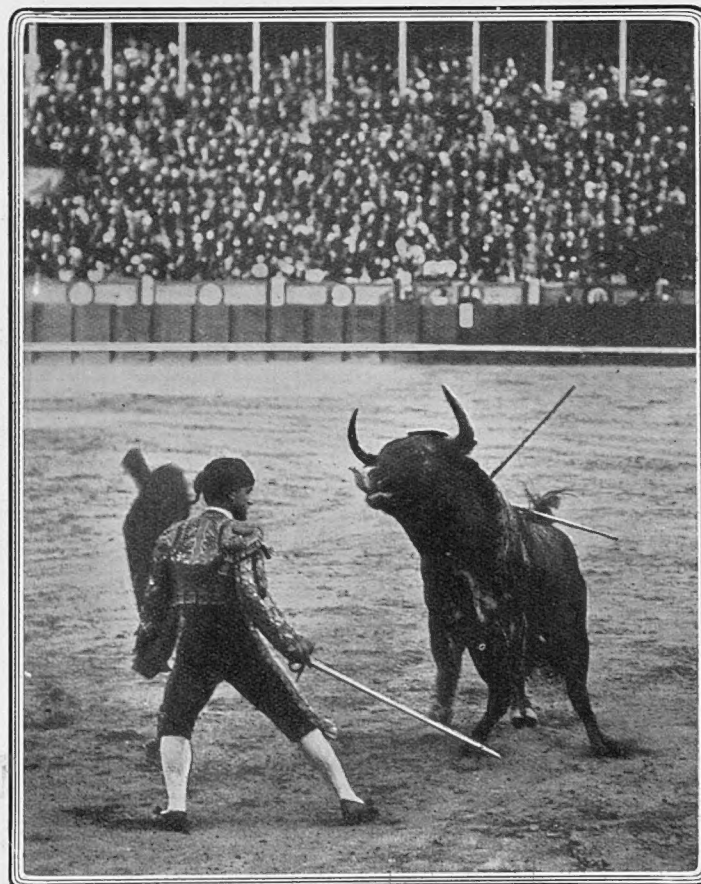
The Egerländer race, in which the horses with long tails competed, was quite a picturesque affair. Egerland is a little district where the peasants still wear the old national costume. In every town in this part of Austria there is an Egerland café, where the waitresses wear the white skirts and embroidered bodice and pretty caps, the old dress of the peasantry; and the lads who were put up by the farmers to ride their horses were in velvet breeches with bows at the knees, embroidered shirts and coats, big silk neckerchiefs, and round hats, with a bunch of flowers stuck in the band. The effects of the oats evaporated before the big horses had gone half the course, and they passed the winning-post at a lumbering canter.



EACH TIED TO HIS POST: FIGHTING-CKOCKS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Each cock is tied to a post, that he may not wander—and fight—at will.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



MORTAL COMBAT BETWEEN BULL AND MAN: A FAMOUS MATADOR FACING THE RUSH OF A FURIOUS BULL, AT MADRID.

Photograph by Central News.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

DR. GOADBY recommends workmen in white-lead factories to eat onions and garlic. Even the most poisonous microbes cannot stand those history-like vegetables.

Some holiday burglars the other day helped themselves plentifully to the cigars of their involuntary host, but refused to touch

his whisky. This was adding insult to injury. Let us hope that the cigars made them ill.

Covering dirty houses with a coat of colour-wash is said to have a beneficial

effect on the people inside. We are getting very practical. Formerly we used to whitewash our reputations; now we apply the remedy to our houses.

Just as we are abandoning top-hats except for very special occasions, women are to be crowned with hats exactly like a flower-pot. Can it be that they are giving up Women's Rights and going in for men's lefts?

A statistician declares that more men than women glance at themselves in mirrors outside shops. That is because their womenkind never give them a chance of looking in one at home.

Oranges and mud are the latest specifics for beautifying the complexion. This is a sad change from the roses and cream of the Victorian novelists.

THE CONTAGIOUS CAT.

(Experts say that the domestic cat carries with it the germs of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and probably tuberculosis.)

Pussy, gruesome, mewsome pussy,
What is this they say?
Here are scientific Johnnies
Giving you away:

Publishing in learned papers
That the parlour cat
Is a worse infection-spreader
Than the outlawed rat.

Pussy, mewsome, gruesome pussy,
Ponder my advice;
Clean your paws and wash your whiskers
After eating mice.
Cease to cloak microbious habits
Under Cheshire smiles;
Cease those nightly germ-collecting
Concerts on the tiles.

The millionaire baby of New York takes its airings at the seaside in a steel cage on wheels, because some too business-like Yankees wish to kidnap it

for a ransom. This will give the baby an instructive view of "God's own country."

There is no need to worry about the holidays any more. A splendid sunburnt complexion can be made in a couple of hours by a quartz mercury-lamp. This saves time, trouble, and expense, and leaves more time for week-ends.

Women, it is said, never have a real holiday, because dress engrosses them more in holiday-time than ever. This remark shows sad ignorance. It is only in the holidays that most women have time to attend to the really important side of life.

Why does Miss Aykroyd chew gum when engaged in a long-distance swimming-contest? To enable her to stick to it, of course. It's so simple.

Mr. Robert Loraine will play in "The Man from the Sea," next month at the Queen's Theatre. He will, of course, be responsible for the flying matinees.

THE SUMMER SEA.

(A Study in Greys on the South Coast.)

The sea is wet; the sky is wetter still,
And weeps because the careless weather clerk

Has turned the tap full on, and lets it spill
Its rain-charged cumulus from dawn to dark.

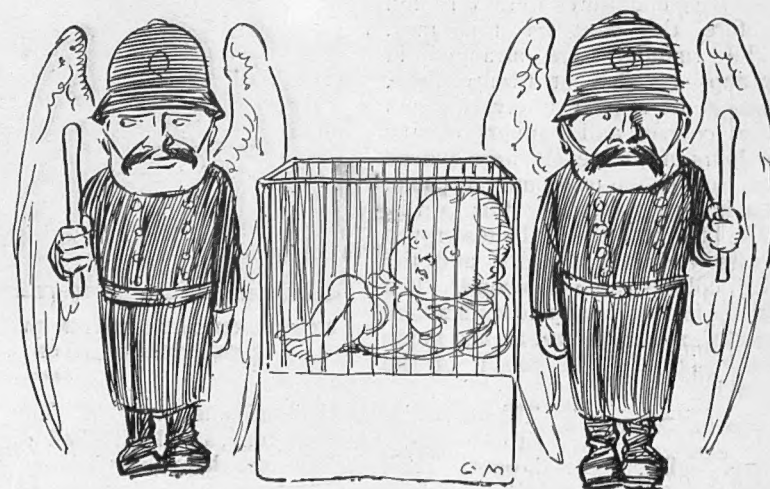
The glass is low, the tide is much the same;
And August, knowing that their time is short,

Plays the identical and ancient game
Of spoiling the vacation-makers' sport.

But by the margin of the leaden sea,
With skirts and breeks tucked kneeward, grimly dumb,
Yet fixedly determined to command
The money's-worth of their excursion fee,
Macintoshed and umbrella-proofed, the glum
And ozone-seeking cheap-day-trippers stand.

It appears that the boys who hawk sweetmeats on the Thames steamboats are dressed in imitation naval uniforms. No honour is too great to heap on the service which keeps the command of the sea.

The Polyglot Policemen of Paris are a failure. Those thoughtless tourists would insist on asking them questions, instead of snapshotting them.



NOT A GEYSER—BUT THE DUST RAISED BY A FALLING HOUSE.



PULLED DOWN BY TRAMCARS: A FIVE-STOREY BUILDING COLLAPSING.

The building, which was at West Broadway and Park Place, New York, settled suddenly, and thus put in peril the lives of nearly a hundred people within it. Fortunately, all escaped uninjured. The place being in such a dangerous condition, the authorities decided to pull it down. Cables were fixed to the walls of the third floor and hooked on to tramcars. Then the tramcars moved forward, using all their power.—[Photograph by American Press Association.]

SMALL TALK



ENGAGED TO MR. H. HADLEY D'OYLY: MISS EVELYN MAUD MILLER.

Miss Miller is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Miller, of 3, Millbank, Westminster, and a granddaughter of the late Sir Frederick Halliday, K.C.B.

Photograph by Bullingham.

any rate, the American refused his Portuguese barony as resolutely as Mr. Henniker Heaton has refused the titles tendered him in this country. Fortunately, the damsels of America have no such scruples about English and Continental titles of nobility, but, possibly, if female instead of male rights of succession obtained, these ladies, being in the same case as their brothers, would take up an equally patriotic and aloof position.

In Norway. Dim centuries ago Norwegian sailors invaded the Scottish seas; Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie have been returning the visit, but were not driven from hostile shores. They have now returned to Fyvie Castle, and are arranging several house-parties for the autumn. Norway, or its salmon, also attracted the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, and they, with three other rods, have accounted for about sixty fish apiece.

The Duchess actually landed one salmon of sixty-eight pounds. But the difficulty is not in coping with the catch on the line or in the net, but on the dish. A label round the feet of your brace of grouse relieves you of its presence and delights a distant friend, but the anatomy of the salmon is not so accommodating. Lady Strachey and Miss Strachey have also visited Norway, but less strenuously.

Adventures among Pictures. Formality is a fine preserver of the amenities of life, and a paragraph in the last will and testament of a great man is one of the most welcome, as it is also of the most formal, ways of receiving thanks for some forgotten favour of the past. The writer of "an amusing article published in a daily paper on Sept. 16, 1905 or 1906," can hardly regret that Sir Francis Seymour Haden forgot to scribble his appreciation at the time and put, instead, a clause of gratitude into a document where it has a gravity and force that could

hardly have been transmitted on a sheet of note-paper. Many Pressmen would like to claim the remembrancer for their own, but the writer of amusing articles in the paper in question with whom everybody will associate the allusion is Mr. Lewis Hind. If he is the man, the incident makes one of the most delightful of his "adventures among pictures."

On his Mettle. The second-class railway-carriage will soon leave the road, for the simple reason, we are assured, that the second-class passenger has already disappeared. We must assume that he has either joined the ranks of the first-classengers or the third-classengers, as they are called by the hurried guard. The new arrangements, however, will not meet the requirements of all travellers. "But why on earth do you travel third?" asked an astonished friend of a man he had expected to meet among the first-class cushions. "Because there is no fourth," was the economical noble's reply.

The Birthday Scene.

The Earl and Countess of Mansfield are at Scone Palace, and their son, Baron Scone, who is the same age as the present century, kept his birthday there last week. Lord and Lady Mansfield are entertaining a number of friends for their shooting on the Logie Almond moors. Another Perthshire party has been grousing with Lord and Lady Ancaster at Drummond Castle. Lord Wil-

loughby de Eresby has been lent the family deer-forest at Glenartney by his father, and he is there with Lady Willoughby de Eresby. During other seasons Lord Ancaster has let the Glenartney forest on the stipulation that a rent of £3000 should include a bag limited to two hundred brace of grouse and a very generous, but also limited, allowance of deer.

A Rare Avis. To Killarney, whither Lady Kenmare has gone from Cadogan Square, the scene of her illness, Lord and Lady Headley also belong. Lord Headley's extensive knowledge of military matters dates from the Franco-German War, which he followed from a privileged position at General von Gōbene's side. The livelier, but less sanguinary, tactics of the Carlists are also familiar to him. He is sixty-five, has no son, and his only daughter, the widow of the late H. D. Hinton-Crosse, is about to marry. Mrs. Crosse is christened Avis, a name that may, in the earlier reaches of the family history, explain the posy in an antique ring in my possession: "I have obtain'd an Avis."



APPOINTED AN EXTRA GROOM-IN-WAITING TO HIS MAJESTY: SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE. Sir Donald Wallace held a similar appointment under King Edward. He was Assistant Private Secretary to King George (as Duke of York) during his Colonial tour of 1901.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO BE MARRIED IN SEPTEMBER: MISS KATHLEEN H. THORNEHILL AND MR. BERTRAM EDWARD SARGEAUNT.

Miss Thornehill is the daughter of Mr. R. Thornehill, of Craythorne, Burton-on-Trent. Mr. Sargeaunt is a son of the late Captain F. A. Sargeaunt, R.N. He has recently been appointed Government Secretary of the Isle of Man, and was formerly Assistant Secretary of the Royal United Service Institution. [Photographs by Bullingham.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN BARON VON METSCH-REICHENBACH: THE HON. MATILDA STOURTON. The Hon. Matilda Stourton is the youngest of the six daughters of Mary Lady Mowbray and Stourton, widow of the 23rd Baron. The present Lord Mowbray is the Hon. Matilda Stourton's eldest brother.



ENGAGED TO MISS EVELYN MAUD MILLER: MR. H. HADLEY D'OYLY.

Mr. D'Oyly is Deputy-Commissioner of the Andaman Islands, and is the eldest son of Sir Hastings D'Oyly, tenth Baronet. The baronetcy was created in 1663.

Photograph by Bullingham.



TO MARRY THE HON. MATILDA STOURTON: CAPTAIN BARON VON METSCH-REICHENBACH. Baron von Metsch-Reichenbach, who is engaged to the Hon. Matilda Stourton, is a Captain in the German Army. His regiment, which is the 2nd Jäger Battalion No. 13, is at present stationed at Dresden.

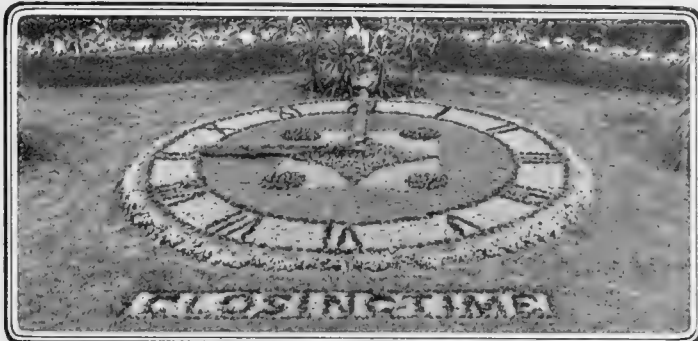


OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A BUOY AS A WATER-TANK: A REMARKABLE RAIN-CATCHER IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

The buoy broke loose from its moorings off the coast of Canada, drifted across the Atlantic to the Scilly Isles, and was brought into the port of St. Mary by a French trawler. It is now used as a domestic rain-water tank, and is connected with the houses by pipes.



THE CLOSING-TIME CLOCK: A DIAL OF FLOWERS IN PENGE RECREATION GROUND.

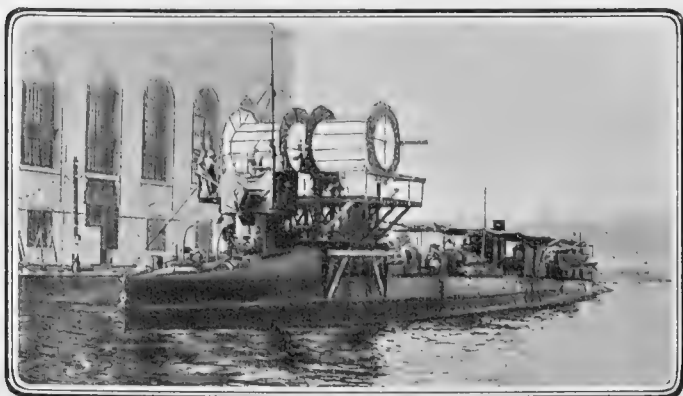
This ingenious piece of carpet-bedding is to be seen in the Penge Recreation Ground. Its hands are set each day to mark the hour of closing. Apropos of floral clocks, it may be noted that a remarkable example was presented to the French President at Berne. This particular clock actually tells the time.—[*Photograph by B. S. Ponting.*]



TWO HUNDRED TONS OF WATER SHOT THROUGH A NOZZLE IN A MINUTE: UNDERMINING GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL.

This giant nozzle works at a mine in Trinity County, California. Some fifty thousand gallons (or two hundred tons) of water pass through it in a minute. This great force undermines the gold-bearing gravel at the rate of about a thousand cubic yards an hour. The nozzle is nineteen feet long, and ten inches in diameter at the mouth.

Photograph by Inkersley



LIKE TWO REELS OF COTTON: A MODEL OF THE LATEST THING IN AIR-SHIPS, ON A TORPEDO-BOAT.

The air-ship, which works on the principle applied to the "spit-ball" in baseball, was tested on the torpedo-boat "Bagley," and showed a decided lifting-power. It is the invention of Congressman William Butler Ames, of Massachusetts.



POSSIBLE ONLY ON THE NATIONAL FÊTE-DAY: A LOTTERY IN THE STREET IN PARIS.

When the famous "Loterie du Million" comes to an end, there will be no more lotteries in France, save those that are held on the day of the National Fête, when such affairs are organised all over Paris by all sorts of people.—[*Photograph by Delius.*]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE two "old friends" of whom the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert are seeing a good deal at Balmoral are Lord Wendover and the Hon. Edward George Knollys. Both boys are the juniors, by one year, of the elder of their royal companions on the cricket-field and in rambles round the grounds; both have had experience of the Court ever since they left their

cradles to receive the names of their royal sponsors. Master Knollys was a Page of Honour to the late King before he was eleven years old, and even then the grandfather of his present young friend treated him as an old acquaintance. Lord Wendover's sister, Lady Victoria Carrington, has also been at Balmoral with her parents

The Young Salt. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. David Beatty, the first dinner-guests of the King at Balmoral, have, among other things, a landlord in common with his Majesty, for Mr. Farquharson lets a shooting to

Balliol man, and the sport he learnt to love, and to excel in, was such as could be best acquired on the peaceful greens and courts of the University. He shares, however, with King George, a real devotion for angling, and has written a book much thumbed by the fly-fisherman. The birds of Balmoral are wasted on Mr. Asquith, whose only real relaxation in the open is the same as that of the Leader of the Opposition; and as for Lord Morley and Mr. Lloyd George, game birds are thrown away on them. They are almost as innocent of the blood of a brace of grouse as Mr. John Burns. Mr. Asquith, apart from his attendance at Balmoral, is spending some time in Scotland.

Holiday Pitches. It is characteristic of the Home Secretary to take his holiday among fighting factions. He learnt enough about Attica at Harrow to be interested in anything Greek, but enough about party politics at Westminster to make an ordinary man eschew the scene of another



WIFE OF EARL HOWE'S ONLY SON:
VISCOUNTESS CURZON.

Viscountess Curzon, who is the wife of Earl Howe's only son, belongs to the same family as her husband, to whom she was married when she was twenty, and he twenty-three. She has a son, just entered on his third year, to whom King Edward was godfather. [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

King George, and house and grounds to King George's youngest Admiral. Born in 1871, Admiral Beatty entered the Navy at the age of thirteen, and won high distinction in the Soudan before he was thirty. The Sailor King generally keeps older company when he sits among his naval peers. Mrs. David Beatty is an American, whose pride is riding steeds of flesh and blood rather than the white horses of the sea.

Ministers in Attendance. Balmoral Castle is the playground of Kings, Princes, and, incidentally, of Cabinet Ministers. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Loreburn have not been allowed to forget during the period of the attendance upon King George that this is a season of recreation, or that the presence of Ministers at the Castle during weeks when affairs of State are laid aside is the least irksome of formalities. But the Cabinet is not a deer-stalking nor a game-bird-shooting Cabinet. Most of Lord Loreburn's sport dates back to the eighteen-sixties, when he was famous, at Oxford; at the wicket or in the racquet-court. Since then he has more or less devoted himself to getting on, and getting honours, in the law. Like Lord Loreburn and Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey is a



AN AUNT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER:
LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

Lady Arthur Grosvenor was Miss Helen Sheffield, daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield, fifth Baronet. Her marriage took place in 1893. She has a son and two daughters. Lord Arthur Grosvenor served in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry. [Photograph by Lafayette.]

General Election. Mr. Churchill should have been on the spot instead of his father when the Helenes were casting about for a monarch. How could he have refused the opportunity of making his daughter Diana a Crown Princess in the direct line of a throne? Other holiday-makers from Downing Street have chosen less picturesque pitches. Mr. Balfour is essentially unobtrusive, whether he is taking a cure in Germany or a cold on the links in North Berwick. Lord Morley has gone to Germany to inquire into the philosophy that Mr. Haldane lets off at him during dull Cabinet meetings. Mr. Lloyd George, perhaps because he is still mindful of our jest about his Taxi Cabinet, is in a motor on the Continent.

A Ducal Festival. On September 9 the Duke of Buccleuch celebrates his seventy-ninth birthday, and it will be the occasion for an even larger party at Langholm Lodge than has been found there since the beginning of the Scottish season. His daughters and their husbands, and his sons and their wives, are already gathered together. The Duke marks the day by granting to all the employees on his large northern estates a holiday. Lord Hampden and Lord Robert Manners are of the party.



A COUSIN OF VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE: MRS. CHARLES MUNN, JUN.
Mrs. Munn lives at Foregate, West Manchester, Massachusetts.

[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

A SCOTTISH STALWART: HOLDER OF FOUR RECORDS.



VI. — OF SUNNINGDALE: JACK WHITE.

Jack White, who is engaged at Sunningdale, was born at Pefferside, North Berwick, and is thirty-seven. Six years ago, he won the Open Championship, an event in which he has also been second, third, fourth, and fifth. Two years ago he held the record for the Championship—296 for 72 holes, at Sandwich—and he holds records for Sunningdale, Acton, Byfleet, Raynes Park, and York. He has played six times for Scotland versus England. He names St. Andrews and Prestwick as his favourite courses.

Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

WE have all met, in the cities and towns of the United Kingdom which have not the fortune to be London, the play which for provincial consumption is labelled on the hoardings the "success of the London season." Contemplating their number, we have pictured the man whose fortune it is not to live in London as imagining the London season to be one riotous round of theatrical triumphs, each not more successful than the other only because a greater success than that enjoyed by the other was not within the range of human power. This may account for the overcrowded condition of the Metropolis, and be at the root of the question of the depopulation of agricultural districts. On the other hand, it may not: for having been lured by the poster into the theatre, and having been impelled by a natural desire not to waste a good shilling to stay to the end, the deluded rustic may come to the conclusion that a London season cannot be such a wonderful affair as was supposed.

Yet the trick must have a commercial value, for Press agents and advertisers may be presumed to know their business; and I suppose that, for the same reason, there is a use in announcing each American importation as the success of America and each player as America's greatest tragedian or comedian, as the case may be. There is a tendency, in face of such announcements and of the plays which follow them, to think small things of the standard of American dramatic taste. Yet it may be that this is not altogether fair. One shudders to think of the conclusion which an American would form as to British dramatic taste if "The Bad Girl of the Family" were to appear (if it has not already done so) in New York, heralded by perfectly accurate statistics as to her career in London. Let us therefore, remembering the beams at home, not be hastily too hard upon America's motes. Strange things may at this moment be posing as representative of British drama in foreign lands: things providing material for brutal and crushing retaliation.

These reflections and kindly exhortations to observance of the laws of international courtesy are prompted, of course, by "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," which passed the Customs House officials and settled at Terry's Theatre on Aug. 22 last, to remind us that the autumn has nearly come. There is no harm in the poor little thing. English lady—and gentleman—authors have invented young college gents as foolish and as remote from life as those pictured by Miss Anne Warner. We had our Ouida once, and a nation responsible for "Charley's Aunt" should never throw stones. But why did "Aunt Mary" come? What wealth and glory did she think awaited her in the city of Galsworthy and Granville Barker and Bernard Shaw? These simple, bland, and guileless humours, this mid-Victorian pathos hauled in at

unexpected moments, what room was there supposed to be for them even in the middle of August, seeing that we have already so abundant a supply of the like articles made at home? But questions like these are continually arising in relation to dramatic imports from the United States, and they will apparently arise, and remain without answers, to the end of time.

Aunt Mary is a nice old lady—yet not so very old—who lives in the country, and follows a beloved nephew up to New York, where she is kindly treated by the inhabitants, lives a life of gaiety for three weeks, and returns home a woman of fashion. There are various little jokes at which, with an effort, one may laugh, and others at which no quantity of effort could raise a smile: four young men, very American in speech, but painfully unreal in manner, are persistently merry without imparting much of their merriment to the play; and Miss Robson is an engaging actress with a sense of humour which would be the better if it were not so self-conscious. She worked hard, however, and kept the play going, which was in itself a feat of some magnitude. She can be pathetic, too, when required; and one would be more moved by the pathos if it were not so obviously artificial, and introduced with the sole object of illustrating what the actress can do.

As a rule, these old-fashioned plays which come over have something characteristically American about them; but nothing of the kind—except the accent of the players—can be detected in the present case, unless witticisms about roof-gardens and references to motor-cars as "automobiles" may be taken as such. Apart from this, the play might well have been written at home and acted by players from the home market, thus saving much trouble and expense. True, there might have been recriminations if an Englishman had dared to invent John Watkins and Robert Burnett and Mitchell and Clover, and had called them "young Americans"; but the danger of that might have been faced with calmness. After all, it is just possible that Americans invariably say "Gee whiz" and "Say, boys," on every possible opportunity, and wear evening dress at five in the afternoon, and hunt in groups of four in pursuit of kind-hearted elderly maiden ladies; and there should be no difficulty in taking Miss Warner's word for it that these things are even so. The time, too, was mid-August, when, in accordance with custom, strange things wander abroad; and were no such strange things to appear, the month, to the dramatic critic, would seem to have gone wrong. So let us cease to hunt for reasons why "Aunt Mary" came, and be satisfied with the fairly obvious explanation that she was brought here to introduce to us Miss Robson, who, if not exactly "America's greatest comédienne"—for we remember to have seen others greatest—is at any rate an actress of ability and charm.



OF THE GAIETY: MISS GERTRUDE THORNTON.

Miss Thornton, who is appearing at the Gaiety, promises to have an excellent stage career before her. Certainly, she should have, if there is anything in heredity; for her father is as well known as an actor as he is popular.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



SHERLOCK HOLMES'S PRINCIPAL A.D.C.: MASTER C. LAWRIE AS BILLY IN "THE SPECKLED BAND," AT THE GLOBE.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



BILLY DISGUISED: MASTER C. LAWRIE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES'S A.D.C. IN "THE SPECKLED BAND," AT THE GLOBE.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

A MOLTEN MEAL: THE HOTTEST HOT LUNCH ON RECORD.



1. CAPTAIN SPALDING HEATING SEALING-WAX BEFORE PLACING THE MELTED WAX ON HIS TONGUE.

3. MAKING A CONTACT WITH ELECTRIC-LIGHT CARBONS, THE ENDS OF WHICH HE BITES OFF WHEN THEY HAVE ATTAINED A VERY HIGH DEGREE OF HEAT.

2. POURING MOLTEN LEAD INTO THE MOUTH WITH A LADLE—ONE OF MR. SPALDING'S MOST REMARKABLE FEATS.

4. THE "HUMAN SALAMANDER" BLOWING FIRE THROUGH A GLASS TUBE, AN ACT THAT IS, OF COURSE, SEEN TO THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE IN A DARK ROOM.

Mr. Spalding ("Captain" is his Christian name) comes from Illinois, and is known familiarly as the "Human Salamander." Amongst other things, he can take molten lead and boiling sealing-wax into his mouth. A few days ago he visited a printing-office and tested molten metal in the linotype room by placing it in his mouth with a ladle. It is claimed for him that he is not a trick fire-eater, but a phenomenon who baffles medical science.—[Photographs by Record Press.]

KEYNOTES

WRITING recently in this place, I commented upon the educational forces that are always at work in and around London on behalf of music, and one of the odd chances of holiday travel has brought me to a centre of great provincial musical activity. A few days ago I found myself in the old city of Gloucester, where on Sunday next the hundred and eighty-seventh meeting of the Three Choirs Festival will be inaugurated. It

is probably unnecessary to remark that the Three Choirs are those of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, or that the Musical Festival is arranged for the benefit of widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses. The record of the festivals held in Gloucester triennially since 1808 has been published, and makes interesting reading. Since 1859 the receipts for the charity have never fallen below four figures, the sum of £1888, collected in the year 1877, representing the high-water mark of achievement. The number of stewards has gone up from an average of half-a-dozen in the first half of the century to something in the neighbourhood of two hundred now, and the increasing patronage has enabled the authorities not only to commission British composers to write special work, but to secure the best British talent for solo work and orchestra. The vocalists to be heard at Gloucester next week include Mesdames Agnes Nicholls, Gleeson-White, Ada Crossley, and Phyllis Lett; Messrs. John Coates, Gervase Elwes, Frederic Austin, and Robert Radford. Dr. Herbert Brewer will be the conductor, but Dr. Vaughan-Williams, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Hubert Parry, Mr. Basil Harwood, Mr. C. Lee Williams, and others, will conduct music of their own composition. The chorus is supplied by the Festival societies of the Three Choirs, and among the orchestral players are many men whose work is quite familiar to those of us who are often in the leading London concert-halls.

When we remember how far the cities of the Three Choirs lie from the great centres of music, we are best able to realise how much energy, forethought, and hard work must go to the making of one of these festivals, and to estimate their great value to those

elderly lovers of oratorio, who are ever faithful to their old friends. Apart from these works, Gloucester is to hear "The Dream of Gerontius" and the Symphony in A flat of Elgar; Parry's motet, "Beyond these Voices there is Peace" and his "Ode to Music"; a "new episode," by Dr. Granville Bantock, composed for the Festival and called "Gethsemane," the Eroica Symphony, and Verdi's Requiem, besides other works. Save on Wednesday evening next, when a concert will be given in the Shire Hall, the whole of the programme will be carried out in Gloucester's beautiful cathedral.

Turning from the local to the general aspects of the autumn festivals in England, it is easy to see how much they stand for in our national musical life. They encourage native talent in most satisfactory fashion, they create a widespread interest in the ranks of those who devote themselves so unsparringly to the labours of choral work, and a keen and healthy competition between choirs. The worst that can be said of our provincial festivals is that they urge our British musicians along one road, and that, in a certain sense, they retard or restrict development. A young composer anxious to obtain a hearing must limit his endeavours to the class of work that a festival committee is likely to accept. He finds it better to face the serious competition associated

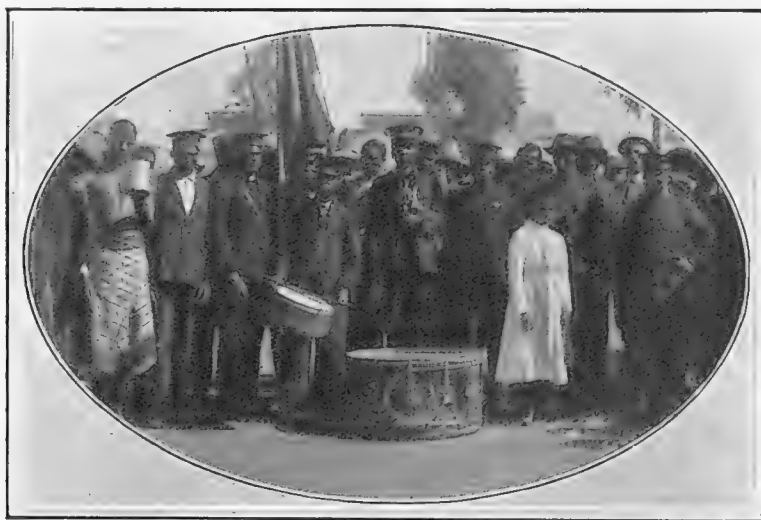
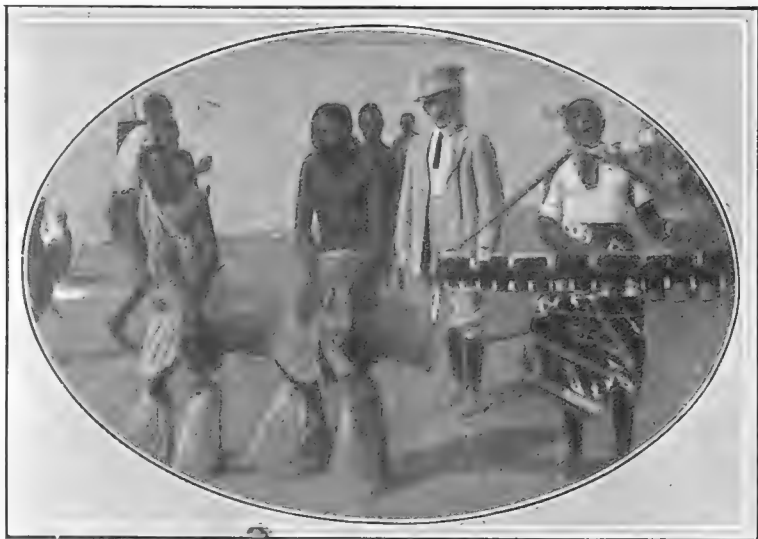
with the festivals than to devote his time and talent to writing an opera, though if he could succeed in this direction, the reward would be well worthy of the time and trouble involved. It is because the provincial festival affords publicity—first necessity of an artist who has to gain a living—that so many of our younger men do not dare to compete for the higher prizes of the profession, and year after year this country pays thousands of pounds in royalties to foreign composers and foreign music-publishers.

If the great provincial centres would give a hearing annually to the best opera by a British composer, even though the performance were limited to the platform of a concert-hall, very great advantage might accrue to English music. There is no wish to minimise the achievements of the provincial festival, no attempt to suggest that



MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE BY TOUCH: A BLIND MAN LEARNING THE FORM AND POSITION OF NOTES, AT THE FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE YOUNG BLIND.

Photograph by Paul Gentoux.



AFRICAN MUSIC IN TWO KINDS: KAFFIRS WITH NATIONAL INSTRUMENTS AND AS MEMBERS OF A SALVATION ARMY BAND.

These photographs provide a most interesting contrast. They were taken on the same day in the compound of a gold-mining company at Johannesburg. [Photographs by A. Reiter.]

whose opportunities of hearing modern work are few and far between. At Gloucester we find typical programmes marred only, from the standpoint of serious music, by the inclusion of "Elijah" and "The Messiah," which to the provincial musical festival are as the head of King Charles was to the memorial of Mr. Dick. The trouble is, of course, that every member of every choir knows these well-worn masterpieces by heart, and they are still accepted with complete satisfaction by the middle-aged and

the scope of the music admitted to a cathedral will bear enlargement. The only suggestion is that the organisations responsible for our splendid autumn festivals have the means, if they have the will, to do still more for British music. Doubtless, recent developments in London have not escaped attention in any part where the importance of musical progress is recognised, and it may be that we shall not have to wait very long for some such movement as is outlined here. So mote it be.

COMMON CHORD.

SUCH A TWEENIE REMARK, TOO!



THE MAID: Are you stopping long?

THE BLADE: Oh, I live here — the rector's my guv'nor.

THE MAID: What! Are you in service, too? *(Then they parted.)*

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

QUITE LIKE AN ENGLISH SUMMER! FOUR SEASONS AT ONCE
IN THE REMARKABLE JAPANESE PASSAGE AT THE WHITE CITY.



1. SPRING.

2. SUMMER.

One of the most interesting features of the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition at the White City is the long passage which shows Japan in spring, in summer, in autumn, and in winter. Walking through this, the visitor passes through a most realistic representation of each season in turn.—

Photographs by A. E. Walsham

TWELVE - MONTHS' WEATHER IN FOUR PICTURES.

IN THE REMARKABLE JAPANESE PASSAGE AT THE WHITE CITY.



3. AUTUMN.

4. WINTER.

—The tableaux are carried out in such admirable fashion that they are very far removed indeed from appearing to be artificial. Illusion is helped by real running water and by the singing of birds.

Photographs by A. E. Walsham.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A DUTCH VERSION OF THE STATUE AND THE BUST.*

HARMEN POLS' world is a delightfully primitive Dutch one; a world of gentle animals and stern beliefs, of cultivated land and uncultured minds; shaken by human passions but sweet with nightingales. The little farm held four persons—the manly young Harmen; his mother, still almost young, a lover of nightingales and as sweet as they; his father, Steven, in the seventies; and his father's sister, Aunt Carlina. When Aunt Carlina's papa was advised of her entry into this world he considered it to be a freak of the Evil One. His son was a grown man, the farm too small to divide. But "when he saw what an ugly mug she had, he took heart. 'Maybe,' he said, 'that's the Lord's way.'" So for forty-nine years Carlina lived in the house of her fathers, and, being shrewish, was no small trial to her sister-in-law. When, in her fiftieth year and on page 1, a ploughman of twenty-six carries her off as his bride, everyone is gratified except old Steven Pols, who knows it to spell ruin. The day of reckoning was come, and Carlina's husband would see the account set straight. "So she's gone," he said. "You mustn't take on so," suggested his kindly wife. "Left the house!" he said. "Would she had left it feet foremost!" He sat back in his green chair and spread out his ten fingers. "This is Eben Haëzar, but there are more farms so called in this country. Has the Lord to look after them all? If the Lord was to provide for all the distressed farmers—" he halted abruptly. "There, go to bed! I don't believe He could do it. Not with the American competition!"

Though Vrouw Pols breathed sweetness like the nightingales, though she made the poetry of the elemental farm-life, where all the needs, the crying daily needs, are animal ones; though, like a rose among the cabbages, she gladdened the seasons of great toil and small hopes with colour and perfume, yet in a vague, unexplained way she created a strange discord. For twenty-five years it had been ringing in her hard old husband's ears. For twenty-four of those years her son had but felt her music; dimly, perhaps, but at least he loved her uniquely. And now Carlina had rung up the curtain on a play of hot passions.

Goaded by his father, Harmen goes forth to seek money and save the farm. He is directed to the one rich man of the neighbourhood, a man who had sojourned in the Transvaal, and had returned home to farm comfortably, if not luxuriously, who kept the best stock of the countryside, who rode to the post-office every evening with his letters, passing Eben Haëzar, as Harmen well knew, for he and his mother on their nightly walk were wont to see

and greet him. Mynheer Govert Blass meets him with great kindness, promises help, and keeps him to supper with his niece Greta, who forms his sole family. And when Harmen returns to his father all aglow with success, he learns that the farm is already mortgaged over the chimneys. Steven Pols receives grimly, too, the name of Govert Blass. His mother is visibly distressed. The reader discovers that the mortgagee is no other than Govert Blass himself. And the vrouw, with Harmen, presently finds old Steven in the cellar before a hoard of banknotes ample enough to redeem the situation. Those notes represent a quarter of a century of grinding toil, of ruthless self-denial, imposed upon each member of the family. They are registered in the old cash-book—"Steven and Jane Pols,

Man and Wife, in Account with God Almighty"—and the date of Harmen's birth, For Steven was as suspicious as he was "righteous," and had suspected his wife and son ever since having them. In case of his suspicions being founded, the money was to take the form of expiation. To his agonising question, "Are you innocent?" she sinks down on the cellar-floor much as guilty Guinevere. And Harmen drops the bundle of notes into the collection-box of a neighbouring chapel, and Steven, long threatened, goes blind. Stumbling in the ruins of his home, Harmen has yet to hear that Greta, the



THE CANVAS THAT HAS WON THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME: "L'AMOUR VAINQUEUR DU DIEU PAN," BY M. DUPAS, PUPIL OF M. GABRIEL FERRIER.

reputed niece of Blass, is really his daughter. Already the little tragedy would have become unendurable but for the insistent labour that recurs like a classic chorus, steadying the nerves, with each sad dawn and tragic evening. "You can shut up shop or a loom. The cattle call." But Greta, he had begun to love her! So Harmen enlists, and when he comes home to say goodbye, at last his mother speaks.

It had been an affair of "The Statue and the Bust"; little wonder that Dutch peasants had missed its Latin subtlety! As the world talks, it was all pure, though a long adultery of thought. But Harmen was Harmen Pols all right, and Vrouw Pols' priceless china saves the farm, and, strangest of all miracles, Govert Blass drinks tea, by Steven's invitation, at Eben Haëzar. Certainly Steven Pols was no politician. "Politics?—pooh!" old Steven would say, wrinkling his eye-sockets over the market list. "Seek thou first the kingdom of God." Poor Aunt Carlina is left to enter upon her public-house with her graceless though not ungraceful rogue. Great-aunt Josabet—the pagan in the fold, for she had been compelled when a girl to bring up the whole sermon on reaching home, and had never been able to touch sermons since—is probably still sitting by her lace curtains and canaries, white-haired and unashamed. At least we hope so.

* "Harmen Pols: Peasant." By Maarten Maartens (Methuen.)

BY "SKETCH" HUMOURISTS.



THE FIRST HERO: Na then, wot sort o' death would yer like to die—
quick or slow, thro' the 'eart or on the 'ead?
THE SECOND HERO: I 'specs I'll be hanged fer killin' you.

DRAWN BY GODFREY WILSON.



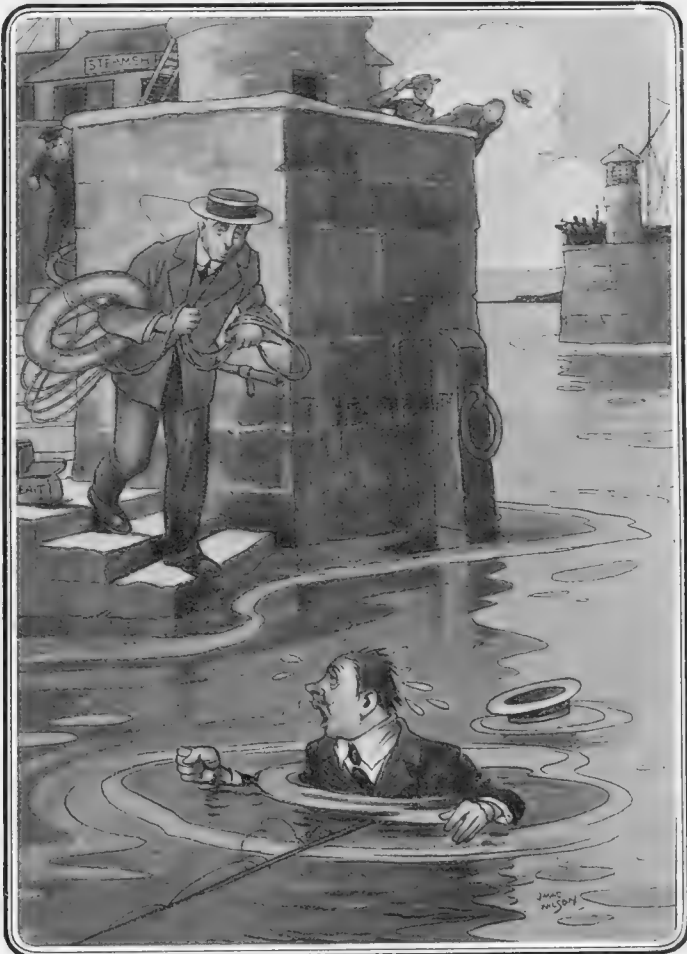
FARMER GILES (who has just cashed a cheque): I don't think this money's right.
THE CASHIER: Would you mind counting it again, Sir; I think you'll find it correct.
FARMER GILES (having done so): Yes—but you be careful, young man; it's only *just* right.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE GENTLEMAN IN THE TROUGH: Hello, pleeshman! Wha's the matter?
Have I left the front door open again?

DRAWN BY B. PICKARD.



THE RESCUER: Hullo, it's you, Jones! However did you come to fall in there?
JONES: I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T GROW OLD.

By JOHN PATRICK.

THE man moved uneasily, and began to finger the thick bandage across his eyes.

"How much longer?" came his petulant question.

The woman started up from her seat at the window like one awakening from a dream.

"Only twenty minutes," she answered softly, as if she were speaking to a restless child.

The man put one hand up to his head and began to pull impatiently at the white bandage. Then the woman arose and crossed noiselessly to his side.

"Not yet, dear," was her gentle rebuke, as she took the offending hand into one of her own. "The doctor said six o'clock."

"What difference can twenty minutes make?" the man grumbled.

"You should be patient," the woman told him, ignoring his protest. "In a few minutes you will have your sight again," she continued, as she ran her fingers through his dark hair. "You should be thinking of all that there will be to see—the hills, the valleys, the sky, and the beautiful flowers: everything in the world to be looked at anew."

"And your face first of all," the man said joyously.

The woman straightened up, with a great fear clutching at her heart. Her hand dropped from the man's forehead, and there was tense silence for some moments as she stood staring blankly out through the open window at the tiny town below.

"In all these years of darkness," the man broke in abruptly, "your face has been always with me. It is the one thing that I have remembered perfectly. It is as familiar to me as if I had looked upon it but yesterday. Beauty is the only thing in all the world that makes life worth while. When I have my sight again the first thing that I will paint will be your wondrous face."

The woman's fingers closed convulsively over the back of a chair in an effort to retain her composure. Then she moved slowly across to the opposite wall and examined her face in the small mirror that hung there. It told the terrible truth.

She had been beautiful once. Twelve years before, when she was an heiress and the most beautiful woman in America, the world had been at her feet. Wherever she went, people worshipped humbly at her shrine, and her ambitious father planned a marriage with an English earl. Then the woman, contrary to all expectations, caused a sensation by eloping with a poor and unknown English artist.

This man had fallen at her feet, declaring that she was an angel of light who would bring him immortality. The woman's soul had responded to his passionate and poetic pleadings, and they were man and wife within a month of their first meeting. Her proud father, disapproving of such a sensational and hasty marriage, cut her off completely, and her relatives and friends passed coldly by on the other side.

For two wondrous years she had been happy, until fate came once again into her life, and the artist was suddenly stricken with total blindness. The man had not a relation in all the world to whom he could turn for help, and not a single friend. The woman, for her part, was of far too proud and independent a nature to seek aid or beg for forgiveness from her own people. And so, with the care of the blind man thrust upon her, she faced the world alone and suffered.

When she had sold the only finished picture in the studio, all

that remained was a small furnished cottage and a few acres of land, high above some cliffs, close to a small town on the South Coast. When the doctors told her that they considered the man's blindness to be incurable, she took him to this place of seclusion and began to fight the world. Since then she had slaved incessantly to provide the necessities of life for the man and herself. Early and late she had toiled attending to her cows and fowls, and working in the tiny garden, and once every week she had gone into the township to sell her butter and eggs. From this slender source, and what her unaided efforts in the garden brought her, she had contrived to keep herself and her husband. At first, to a woman unaccustomed to work of any kind, the outlook had seemed hopeless; but despair and despondency she had never allowed to dwell with her. It had been a grim, uphill fight for twelve years; but it had not been without an object.

Deep in her heart the woman had nursed a secret hope, and year by year she had striven to save every possible penny as a means towards its ultimate fulfilment. And so she had looked forward continually to the day when she would have saved sufficient to take the artist to a certain specialist in New York. Often she had denied herself the bare necessities of life that she might be able to save a few extra shillings towards accomplishing the project she had in view. However, she had invariably seen that the man's wants were attended to in every way. She had consecrated her life to him, and she had cared for him as a mother cares for a helpless child. Although he had grown strangely irritable and perverse as the years went by, she was ever ready to coax him out of the depths of the despair that often seized him.

The reason for the bandage across the man's eyes lay in the fact that the specialist of great renown had come unexpectedly from America on a visit to London, and the woman had taken the artist to him. The specialist had come entirely upon pleasure, but in this particular instance the persistence of the woman had prevailed, and the doctor had consented to operate upon her husband. He classed the operation as a trivial one and was positive that it would be successful. For eight days the artist had remained in London, the bandage across his eyes not being removed. Then the doctor was called away, and he advised the woman to take her husband back to the quiet of the seaside cottage. There, at six o'clock on the evening of the third day, the bandage was to be removed.

The woman was tired. Her youth had gone. The mould of her once exquisite beauty still showed dimly upon her features; but her face was lined and drawn by what she had endured. Her skin was tanned by exposure, and there was a great, shameless bunch of grey hair above her temples that she now took no pains to hide. Her form had lost its liliesome grace. Hard work had broken down its beautiful lines and made it coarse and commonplace; while about her shoulders, that had once been carried so proudly, there was a decided stoop.

The artist in his blindness was in entire ignorance of these facts. Every day since that on which he first became blind his sensitive fingers had gathered in an impression of her face; and, because it had been wrought gradually, he was unaware of the change.

The woman moved closer to the tiny mirror upon the wall and then instinctively drew back in terror. The face that she beheld seemed to her hideous and repulsive. Beside the mirror there hung an old-time portrait of herself, smiling in evening dress. For

[Continued overleaf.]

Little Games for the Holidays—Heath Robinson Invt.



IV.—PITCHING THE POACHED EGG—FOR TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

some seconds she gazed intently at it. Beyond all doubt she had been beautiful once. She glanced across to where her husband sat huddled in his chair, with the tips of his fingers pressed together. He did not know her as she now was. He could not know what the last twelve years of awful struggle with the world had meant to her.

The woman turned her eyes to the clock. The hands pointed to a quarter to six. In fifteen minutes the man's hopes would be at an end, for then he would see her face and know again the truth. For some time the woman stood like unto a person turned to stone; then suddenly she swayed for a moment, with her fingers clutching wildly at her breast. She sank back into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

The artist sat huddled in the huge basket chair, his bearded chin resting upon his breast. The only sound that broke the stillness was the noisy, monotonous ticking of the clock upon the wall. Abruptly the woman lifted her face from her hands and looked up. The suspense was terrible.

Then the man began to speak, half to himself.

"Soon I shall see her face again," he muttered. "And after twelve long years. . . Is it twelve years?" he asked sharply, as he roused himself and sat up.

"Yes, dear," was all the woman could trust herself to answer.

"How beautiful it will be," the man rambled on, "to know beauty once again: to paint her face—to sketch its lovely profile."

The woman sat motionless, every word cutting keenly into her heart. At length she could bear it no longer. She stood up and looked around wildly. She felt that she must break the truth to the man. She would tell him simply and plainly. But when she attempted to speak, she found that her tongue refused to form the words she wished to say. "How shall I paint it?" the artist mused, with his right hand groping out before him as if he held a brush. He made a quick movement, as if tracing a profile in the air. "That wouldn't do," he snapped. "The face must look out from the canvas. It must be painted in soft, warm tones, so that it will be full of life and beauty."

Again there was silence unbearable, broken only by the horrible monotony of the clock's even ticking. The hands crept remorselessly round toward the fatal

hour, and the woman watched them fixedly as if fascinated by some horrible sight.

Then the clock warned, and the woman started up from her seat. The man thought the clock was about to strike, and he began to tear frantically at the bandage. The woman sprang across and seized his hands in terror.

"Not yet!" she cried pitifully, as she clung to his arms. "Not yet!"

Then she sank down weakly at his side and tried to think calmly.

"How much longer?" the man demanded irritably.

"Only a few minutes now," she coaxed, trying hard to regain her composure.

The man's hands sought the bandage again, and he had it partly loosened before the woman could prevent him. She took his hands gently into hers, and spoke calmly and soothingly, urging him to be patient.

"What does a few minutes matter?" he broke out.

"The doctor said six o'clock," she told him.

So they sat there together while the clock ticked on and the hands crept round.

At one minute to the hour the woman arose unsteadily from the chair. Suddenly she straightened up and looked at the man. As if moved by some overwhelming impulse, she bent and kissed him lingeringly on the forehead above the bandage. Then, with a wild, strange light showing in her eyes, she passed silently from the room.

Once outside, a panic seized her, and, turning from the door, she fled madly along a tiny path that led towards the cliffs. The weird murmur of the sea was in her ears as she reached the end of the path, within a few yards of the edge of a precipice.

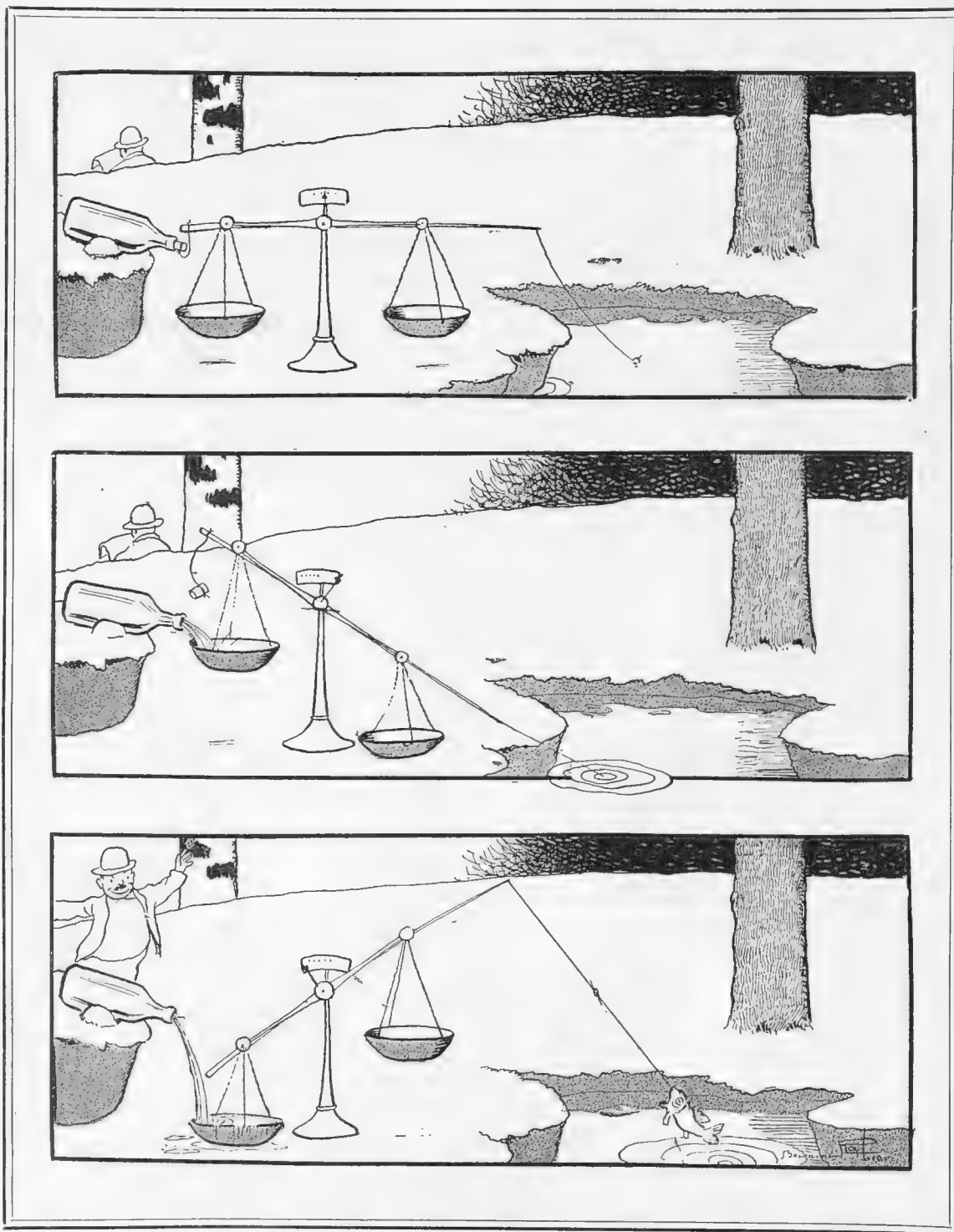
The woman moved on slowly, until she could look down at the water, two hundred feet below. Then she brushed back the loose hair from her forehead.

"I would only be a burden to him now," she said, with a sob.

Then she threw herself headlong from the height.

In the cottage, the clock was striking the last stroke of six, and the man, with the bandage torn from before his eyes, was groping his way about the room and stumbling against the chairs and table. He was still blind. After a time he paused and called long and piteously for the woman.

THE END.



PULLED OUT OF THE WATER BY THE WATER: THE SCALES-ROD FOR LAZY ANGLERS.

The weight of the fish on the line causes the cork to be drawn from the bottle, the water in which falls into the scale nearest to it, weighs it down, and so lands the fish.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.

THE HAT GUARD.



MRS. GRADY: Wot, anuther new 'at, Mrs. Murphy?

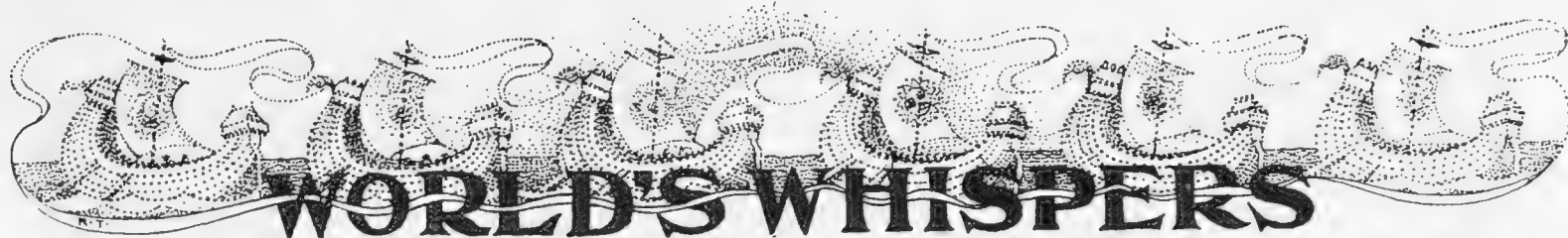
MRS. MURPHY: Yus, Mrs. Grady my dear. Get a piquant toque now and again and retain yer 'usband's love — that's my motter.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

FEMININE AMENITIES — BY ABEL FAIVRE.



FIRST LADY OF TENDER YEARS (to second ditto): You go first, my dear. *Seniores priores*, you know.



A FAIR DEVOTEE OF ART:
MISS SYLVIA SCRATCHLEY.

Miss Sylvia Scratchley, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Scratchley, of Carlisle Mansions, has had a cosmopolitan training, and is adopting art as a career. She was educated in Dresden and Paris, and is at present studying at the Grosvenor Life Studios in London.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

membership on the Punjab Legislative Council, as now, he has unflinchingly supported the British Administration. He is urging the enactment of strong measures which once for all would put down anarchism in India. The Hon. Malik Umar Hayat Khan was born in 1875. He got his honorary commission as Lieutenant in his father's regiment, the P.W.O. 18th Tiwana Lancers, and served in the Somali and Tibet Expeditions; for which he possesses decorations. He was also awarded the Coronation Medal. It is expected that he will be invited to the coming Coronation of King George.

Reports! The Duke of Montpensier, who found murdered men lying in the gutters of New York, and heard in the course of a night as many revolver-shots as the average hero of a dime novel fires in a week, has had experience of many cities. Born at the Château d'Eu, he has put into many ports as an officer in the Spanish navy, knows London like a native, and has explored the hidden places of Siam in a motor, well provided with the spirit of petrol and adventure. He has written of the adventures that befell him between Saigon and Angkor, and published his story in a book called "La Ville au Bois Dormant." New York was anything but a sleeping city.

The Leopard of the Lord. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli renewed many acquaintances when passing through London on his way to Montreal. It is just two years since he came to Westminster Cathedral, and was greeted, as he will be in Canada, by the music of the composer who had his birth at and took his name from the city of Palestrina, where the Cardinal now has his

BY far the largest landowner in the Punjab, Lieutenant the Hon. Malik Umar Hayat Khan, of Tiwana, as a member of the Indian Imperial Legislative Council, is spokesman for ninety-eight per cent. of the people of his province. Unlike the political agitators, who dwell in the large towns and know little of the people who live outside the city limits; Malik Umar Hayat resides in the villages he owns all the time that he is not required to pass in the summer or winter capital of India in order to perform his legislative duties. In yet another aspect he is dissimilar to the discontented Babu, since he has a real stake in the land, possessing over twenty-five thousand acres, irrigated by private canals. During his two terms of



THE LARGEST LANDOWNER IN THE PUNJAB: LIEUTENANT THE HON. MALIK UMAR HAYAT KHAN, C.I.E., OF TIWANA.

Photograph Supplied by S. Nihal Singh.

diocese. Two years ago he made a singular impression by his charm of manner, rare smile, and splendid physique and carriage. "He treads," to quote from one impressed reporter, "with the freedom, the flexuous symmetry of the forest, 'a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift'" — a description that gained for him, at the pen of a hunter of effective phrases, the title "The Leopard of the Lord."

A Good, Average Man. The Marquess of Graham opens tomorrow, Sept. 1, the Naval, Mercantile and General Engineering Exhibition at Olympia. Having served in the mercantile marine, won medals in South Africa, and looked into the workings of national finance, he has observed many wheels within wheels, and has, besides, a good practical knowledge of the contents of the new show. The eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, and connected by marriage with a couple of Dukedoms at the least, he is yet by no means an unrepresentative man either among the devices of the inventor or human machines.

The Travellers. Lord and Lady Cowdray's journey to Mexico breaks the monotony of social comings and goings. It will meet the doubtful reward of a sight of the Centenary Fêtes, the attractions of which cannot, they have been warned, be set against the chance of a fight with fearful odds against Mexican mosquitoes. The travellers may well retort that the Scottish gnat, which plays havoc with the more sensitively skinned ones in the North during September, will be left behind. During their absence of several months, it is likely that Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearson will brave the curse at Cowdray Park.

An Irish Baronet. Sir Hercules Langrishe did not reach Ireland before the death of his father, whom he succeeds as fifth Baronet. His yacht was tossing somewhere between Cowes and Dublin Bay, with no chance, as it proved, of beating against adverse winds and waves in time. Sir Hercules, whose sportive labours include those of the hunting-field and the tarred road — his long experience of horses has not prejudiced him against the car — has been a much-appreciated M.F.H. with the Kilkenny Hunt for years, and his home has been his father's seat in the county he has hunted. His sister, Miss May Langrishe, is a miniaturist of no mean talent.



MENTIONED AS LIKELY TO BE A LADY-IN-WAITING: LADY ILCHESTER.

It has been mentioned as very probable that the Countess of Ilchester will become one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting. Like her mother, Lady Londonderry, she is a great favourite with the Royal Family, and has met at her mother's house many of the crowned heads of Europe.

Photograph by Speaight.



A PRESENT FROM SANTANDER: THE NEW PALACE OF CORTEGADA BEING BUILT FOR KING ALFONSO.

The Palace of Cortegada, which is now in course of erection, is to be given to the King of Spain by the town of Santander. Situated on the north coast of Spain, on the Bay of Biscay, Santander is a favourite resort of the sporting King, who recently took part in the regatta there. — [Photograph by Central News]



By HENRY LEACH.

Mountain Golf. Only a week back was I telling you of the golf that was bravely played in the Antarctic regions and on the high mountain passes of India, in Iceland—everywhere, under conditions strange and romantic. The golfer



THE LOGGERHEADS INN, NEAR MOLD, FROM WHICH THE GOLFER PLAYED A BALL TO THE TOP OF MOEL FAMMAU, THREE MILES AWAY.

is ubiquitous, and golf is a game of Nature. The essential idea of the sport is to play the ball from wheresoever it may lie, and so it is golf just the same whether the ball is sent gaily along the smoothest fairway of a championship course, or is punched and heaved through bracken and bush and coaxed through craggy ways. These thoughts come on because within a day or two of writing what I did of the unconventional golf that was being played I happened to be a witness to the performance of the most extraordinary feat of its kind that has ever been done, and there were only five witnesses in all—two ladies and three men. It is written in history that a golf-ball has been played from a street in Edinburgh to the top of King Arthur's Seat; that another has been worked from the course at North Berwick to the summit of the "Law," or hill that overlooks the town; that a third has been driven from the first tee at St. Andrews to Cupar, nine miles away, the ball being teed after each stroke. But these things are nothing to what I saw a few days since, and of which alone I tell. A man saw a high mountain—a really high and geographically recognised mountain—miles away, and he teed his ball and said he would golf it to the top of the mountain, playing under the rules of stroke play all the way, and that he would hole out on the top of the ruined tower that crowned the summit of the mountain. And he did so.

Moel Fammau. The mountain in question is not merely a mountain, it is "a mother of mountains." That is its name, Moel Fammau, which is Welsh for what I have just written, and it is the highest peak of the Clwydian Range, at the eastern end of North Wales. It is only just a trifle under two thousand feet high, and its sides are steep and in most places covered with thick growths of fern, whinberry bushes, and such-like. It is in Flintshire, some four or five miles from the prettily situated little town of Mold. On the top of this mountain are the ruins of a tower that was built on it in 1710 to commemorate the Jubilee of King George III. It is a landmark for scores of miles round about. Well then, we were a country house party, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. W. Lloyd Parry, and high spirits were leading us to strenuous excesses. One night it was agreed that Moel Fammau should be attacked by golf, and three days later a carefully

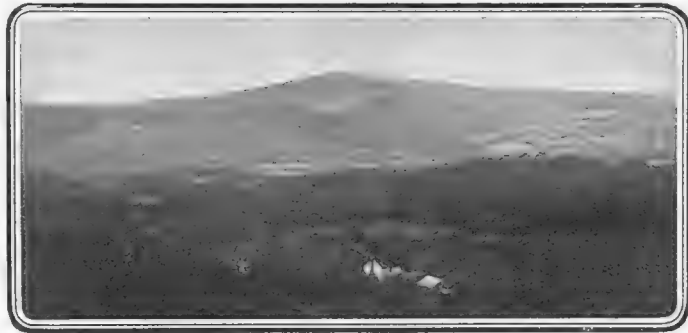
arranged expedition set out, consisting of the Town Clerk of a cathedral city in the West of England and myself as the chief performers, two other men as markers, and two kind ladies who acted quite indispensably as fore-caddies. The balls were teed up on the bridge just outside the Loggerheads Inn three miles from the mountain, at a quarter to one on the afternoon of a very windy day, and the straight cross-country route was taken. At first the lanes were favoured, but it was soon discovered that the going was not as remunerative as was expected, and so we pitched over into some stubbly fields, and there we played direct over every obstacle. As the mountain was neared, the ferns and bracken and bushes thickened, and the course became very heavy and entangled. One of the last difficulties of the level that had to be encountered was a full-sized orchard, but we both cleared it at a single shot.

136 Strokes.

The Town Clerk progressed in the most magnificent style the whole way. He carried only four clubs—a brassy, two mashies (one being heavy and the other light), and a driving iron. He only used the lighter mashie once. With his brassy he made the most wonderful shots from the most impossible lies. As for me, I must say at once that I was out of it so far as competition with the municipal dignitary was concerned. I took only three clubs out with me—a driving iron, a light iron, and my heavy Braid niblick, on which I felt that I must chiefly depend. The shaft of this niblick broke when I was less than a mile from the starting-point, in playing the ball from a thick place in the hedge, and thenceforth I had to depend on the light iron for most

of the shots, and it was not equal to the task. However, in no case could I have beaten the Town Clerk that day. He is the champion mountain-golfer. He reached the foot of the mountain, two-and-a-half miles from the Loggerheads, in 89 strokes. The incline thereafter was about one in three, and a third of a mile long, covered with dense growths, from which the ball was occasionally picked at a loss of two strokes. It took him 46 strokes to go up, and then he holed out on the old tower in one nice pitch. His full score from start to finish was 136, and as golf it was a

great achievement. It had been wagered against us that we could not do it in 300 strokes, but even I won on that. It took



MOEL FAMMAU, ON THE TOP OF WHICH THE GOLFER HOLED OUT IN 136 STROKES.



THE RUINED TOWER ON THE TOP OF MOEL FAMMAU, THE GOLFER'S OBJECTIVE.

MOUNTAIN GOLF: MOEL FAMMAU AS A LINKS.

four hours, and while the Town Clerk lost four balls, I lost eight. We had a peculiar feeling of having really done something as, when the sun was setting and with the wind still howling, we walked back down the mountain-side.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Room and Verge Enough.

International road congresses do not appear, so far, as concerted action is concerned, to have done much yet for real road-reform. True, more or less expert opinion as to preferred methods has been tabulated and filed and docketed by reams: so it is at least available. The real crux of the question, however, appears to be not so much lack of instruction as lack of funds to put it into practice. No one who knows anything about the cost of road reconstruction—the mere patching of existing surfaces has long been proved inadequate in nineteen districts out of twenty—can deny that the £600,000 the sanguine Chancellor hopes to raise will suffice for only about a twentieth of the work needed in our own small country; and there is no reason to suppose that any other country represented at the congresses hitherto is one whit better off, if so well, considering the greater road mileage most of them possess. Still, before 1913—when it is hoped that the next congress will be held in London—there will be time enough to show at least the beginning of permanent road-betterment on some definite scheme. Given that, and concurrence at headquarters, some way out of the financial difficulty might well be arranged.

Another Irish Question?

One of the strongest arguments for Home Rule—one which you can rarely get your prosperous Englishman to see—is that it would probably enable Irishmen to spend their money in their own country, on that country's local needs, and in their own way, instead of enriching the Parliamentary lawyers—or whoever they may be that engineer Bills—at Westminster. However, it appears that Ireland and her motorists are to get some measure of local Home Rule of this sort in respect of the duties levied on motor-car licenses: for by the latest Order-in-Council, the Irish County Councils are each to have, within their own limits, all the powers and duties now vested in the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, for carrying out all enactments relative to these motor licenses—that is to say, subject to certain exceptions and modifications—but are not to be subject to the control of the Treasury. All of which is very interesting, but hardly conveys any clear prospect until we are told exactly what these exceptions and modifications are to be. Doubtless, the Irish motorist critic may smell the rat of some secret bargain between the powers that be in the withholding of this information; but unless some serious disability be concealed in these exceptions, the new experiment in local financial government should work well enough, and as such, will be interesting to watch. One thing is clear—that the money obtained will not be absorbed for general Treasury purposes. What is not clear, and should be made so without delay, is whether it will go to road-upkeep, or merely to the general relief of county rates.

A Tangible Memorial.

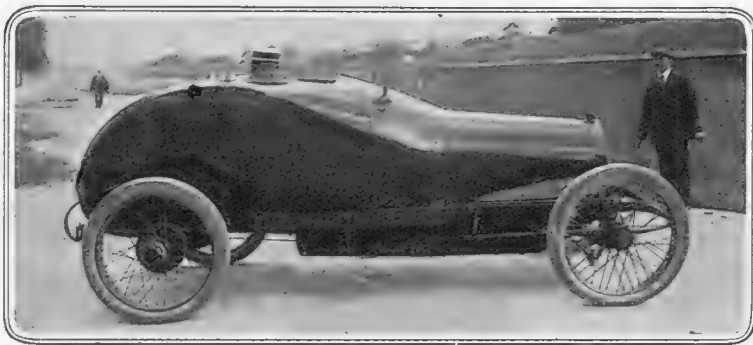
Already, in the magnitude of the British motor industry he pioneered, and in the rapid development of British aviation which he so materially assisted, we have two imperishable memorials of the late beloved Charles Rolls. But it is none the less due to the man and

his life-work that there should be one in more tangible commemorative form for those who come after and will know him not as we did. Not only was it fitting that this should be considered at a special joint meeting of the Royal Automobile and Aero Clubs, but a better decision could not have been made than that the memorial should take the form of a bas-relief plaque, conspicuously placed in either club house, and that any surplus money should be devoted to an aeronautical library at the Aero Club, to be called the Rolls Memorial Library. Neither could any hint be more appropriate than that at the end of the resolution—"Leaving to the general public and other bodies the carrying out of any other memorial they may decide to promote." Already it has been decided to erect a statue of Mr. Rolls at Monmouth, his home town.

A National Asset.

At the same time, let us not forget the living, whose work past and present alone affords proof of worthiness of national recognition. And considering that our national life depends on our maritime efficiency, surely those who contribute thereto are most worthy of national honour. Among these, to my view, the name of Mr. Samuel Saunders, M.I.N.A., of Cowes, stands out clearest. This not only because the boat of his design and build, the Duke of Westminster's hydroplane *Pioneer*, although defeated, owing to a motor mishap, by the American boat *Dixie II.* in the International Cup race, proved herself then and there to be over three knots faster than the winner, and is actually ten knots faster; nor even because he has thereby maintained this country's supremacy—which, indeed, he created years ago—in the production of the fastest power-craft in the world; nor again because boats of his design and build for years past have spread the fame of the British power-boat to every corner of the Seven Seas; nor yet wholly because he invented the sewn system of construction, by means of which alone all these triumphs were made possible—but most of all because he has faithfully and tirelessly wrought for the ideal of the perfected high-speed craft through vicissitudes innumerable, incon-

ceivable, for thirty-five years, winning at last to its realisation, despite all manner of discouragement: and because he created his own ideal. Painters have painted, sculptors have smitten life into marble, great engineers have harnessed the elements, for the assured needs of their own time as much as for the future. But Samuel Saunders, the Thames-side boat-builder, visualised a national industry—and his country's need—thirty-five years beforehand. He wrought . . . and the dream came true.



THE LADYBIRD OF A BIRD-MAN: THE CURIOUSLY SHAPED "COCCINELLE," THE NEW CAR BUILT FOR MR. HUBERT LATHAM. The car, which is a Grégoire, was built to the famous airman's own design. Photograph by Branger.



THE "PISTOL" FOR FLYING-MACHINE RACES: THE START-SIREN, USED AT THE RECENT AVIATION MEETING NEAR BERLIN, WHICH LOOKS VERY LIKE A MINCING-MACHINE. Photograph by Topical.



KICKING UP A DUST: A RACING MOTOR-CAR TAKING A SHARP CORNER. Photograph by Branger.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Doncaster. The Doncaster September Meeting promises to be a great success from all points of view. Its social success is assured owing to the various parties that will be held at the big houses in the surrounding districts. Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the Earl and Countess of Scarborough, Viscount and Viscountess Galway, and the Duchess of Newcastle, among others, are entertaining for the famous Town Moor Meeting, which, it is needless to add, will attract the usual huge crowds of horse-loving Yorkshiremen. The great race of the meeting—the St. Leger—has been fruitful with sensations for many weeks past, and it seems that of only a small proportion of the runners will it be possible to say that they came through their preparation without mishap. Neil Gow, of course, provided his usual sensation, and another fancied candidate, Greenback, was attacked by a coughing bout. The only horse that has gone on his way rejoicing, so to speak, is Swynford, who, since he strode away from Last Call in the Liverpool Cup, has been striding away from his stable-companions

this the only phase of ruffianism that will have to be tackled. The “boys” have become bolder than ever lately—presumably on account of laxity on the part of those whose duty it should be to keep order—not only on the course, but on the trains to and from the courses. Surely the railway companies can and ought to do something to protect their passengers. It is an old appeal, but it is necessary to renew it. Why not stop the wrong ‘uns (who are all well known) from travelling? If the railway police do not know them—I say “if”—the Metropolitan Police do, and a little co-operation between the two bodies would keep the trains clear of these pests. It is imperative that something should be done, or it will be dangerous to go racing.

Handicappers. The handicappers licensed by the Jockey Club are the Aunt Sallies of the Turf; critics both great and small look upon them as fair game to shy at. To judge by what some of the writers say, the gentlemen whose task it is to



“STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE”—TO AN IRISH HUNTER: THE REAL THING IN IRISH FENCES NEGOTIATED AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

Nowhere are jumping contests for hunters so realistically carried out as at the Dublin Horse Show, and it is said that the jumping there is as different from that at most English shows as fox-hunting is from drag-hunting. Irish fences are notoriously stiff, and the competitors at the show had to negotiate the real thing, such as they would meet in most Irish hunting countries, including a solid and substantial stone wall. Other fences were a double bank, a bank and a ditch (and vice versa), a water jump, and an ordinary hurdle.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

at Newmarket, where, I am told, nothing that has been put alongside him could live with him. Lemberg and Rosedrop have been doing well; but there seems to have been an “if” in both their cases, reports of their condition being very conflicting. A few weeks ago, Winkipop would not have been considered as a possible danger in this race, but she has come on so much since the Oaks, in which race she unaccountably collapsed, that her chance is now being seriously discussed, in spite of the fact that Rosedrop seemingly holds her safe. It is fortunate that I have not to make a selection for the race this week. Perhaps by the time I have to tackle the task the situation will have cleared.

Protection Needed. I have received numerous complaints lately from men who have been attacked by ruffians on the racecourse. From what I can gather from the correspondence, most of the offences take place in the cheap rings, and one was of a most serious character, not only from the point of view of the assault itself, but from the fact that the victim states that he appealed in vain to policemen in uniform and in plain clothes. His complaint was either ignored or he was told to report the matter to somebody else. If this kind of thing can happen in an enclosure, to enter which a man pays a substantial fee, there is something radically wrong, and the managers of racecourses should take drastic steps immediately to put a stop to it. Nor is

apportion weight to racehorses must under no circumstances be guilty of a mistake. The horses run that they may read; they know the owners either personally or by reputation; they know the stables in which the horses are trained; in fact, they know all there is to be known, and therefore they should at all times reach the theoretical standard of handicapping, which is, of course, to adjust the weights so nicely that all the competitors might be one and the same animal. Construction and criticism are two vastly different matters, as many a critic who has turned author has found before to-day, and I fancy that a good many of those who are so often tilting at the handicappers would, if they took over the task, suffer by comparison. Naturally, we all strive after perfection, and, equally naturally, being human, we all fail, and I submit that, taken all round, our handicappers do their work very well, especially remembering the tremendous number of horses they have to deal with. The greatest handicapper that ever lived, Admiral Rous, made some big blunders, but he also scored many very notable successes. And it is the same with the gentlemen who hold the positions to-day. Criticism of the handicapper now and again develops a tendency to stray below the belt. We are all pretty wise after the event, and the critic should remember that he is able to adopt that position when tackling the gentlemen I refer to.

Captain Coe's “Monday Tips” will be found on our “City Notes” page.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.

SEPTEMBER.

IN the autumn the House-man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of business. It does not always follow, we must observe, that business invariably comes along until October, but that is a detail which September will have to settle for itself. To catalogue a fairly imposing list of reasons why markets should rise, and rise substantially, would not be a difficult matter. In point of fact, there are more theoretical reasons for a general advance than exist for a general decline, only it is no use talking bullishly when sentiment happens to be set in the opposite direction. To put it in brief, markets are waiting for a lead. Who, or which market, is likely to give it we hesitate to prophesy—not knowing. There is much talk of a fresh Rhodesian boom, to come in the autumn. There is talk of the Argentine Railway revival spreading considerably. Americans are a dark horse, but that New York wants to put prices better if it can be managed seems beyond a doubt. There is always the off-chance of Home Railway stocks throwing off their languor, and, of course, the Rubber Market, according to its more ardent followers, is only "resting," prior to a further strong advance. But uncertainty is the keynote for the time being.

ARGENTINE RAILWAY STOCKS.

Seeing how foreign government bonds have been bought up to prices that seem in many cases to be full value, it is no matter for surprise that the investor turns to the railway issues for a change. This attitude it is which explains the recent demand for Argentine Railway stocks. The best of them—Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Buenos Ayres Western—can be picked up at quotations yielding well over 5 per cent., allowance being made for the probable dividends of four points now included in the prices. The market assumption is that both these Companies can maintain their 8 per cent. dividends (making 7 per cent. for the year), and if they do, then the course is clearer, because they are doing well in the current half-year. In certain recent issues of the *Economist* a special correspondent was at much pains to analyse the position and prospects of the various Argentine Railways, and his conclusions were none too favourable as regards the probable dividends for the next few years. The Stock Exchange, however, views the matter differently, and many brokers are recommending the purchase even of Central Argentine Ordinary—speculative though it be; while the steadiness of Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary is held to encourage the expectation of a further considerable rise after the dividend announcement next month.

CONCERNING COATS.

The remarkable rise in Coats Ordinary and Preferred Ordinary has been due not entirely to the merits of the issues or the anticipations of "melon-cutting," but to some extent it rests upon a keen contest between two conflicting parties, each of which is bent upon getting the control of the Company into its own fingers. While one set contends that the Preferred Ordinary has no special rights, the other argues that it has such privileges; but there is a brisk fight, all the same, to secure a majority of the stock, and the price has risen fifty points in less than three weeks. The Ordinary, during the same period, advanced from 12½ to 14, reacting to 13½. Needless to say, the battle is being directed entirely from Glasgow, but the manner of its conclusion will be watched with great interest all over the country.

RUBBERETTES.

All depends upon the point of view. If of an optimistic cast of mind, the Rubber man will point to the certainty of bumper dividends being declared in the next month or two, and the incontestable fact that all the principal companies are making splendid profits still.

The market pessimist, however, will and does maintain that people are all somewhat tired of Rubber, that many hold shares which they would be only too thankful to get rid of, and that further examples of the Christineville-Meritini-Malacca incidents are inevitable.

As usual, the probabilities lie between the poles of boom and slump. An active market in the good shares for a month or two either side of Christmas—this would satisfy the aspirations of all but the fanatical bulls. And afterwards, plenty of bread-and-cheese business on an investment-speculative basis.

To those who are constantly asking for good shares in the florin class, Sumatra Para and Peraks may be recommended as likely to return 10 per cent. on the money, with a reasonable chance of rising in price.

And, of the longer-wait variety, Taipings at 2s. 6d., Beverleys at 3s. 9d., and Tempehs at 1s. 6d.—all florin shares, fully paid—are quite good things to hold.

Where disappointment may lurk for the optimist is in the supposition that the big Companies may elect to build up substantial reserve funds instead of distributing profits nearly up to the hilt. Nobody at present seems to think of this, but it is not at all unlikely that directors will, and this way may lie unlooked-for curtailment of high hopes of higher dividends.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What are those?" asked The Engineer.

"Labels, addressed to myself," said The Jobber complacently. "Good idea, eh?"

The Engineer was not the only one who looked puzzled.

"They're not for myself," explained The Jobber. "They are to give away as presents to any friend of mine who may be going shooting. May I offer you one or two?"

"Don't trouble," was the polite reply. "You are on my game-list already, and my fish-list."

"And the black-list," added The City Editor. "The manager of the brewery told me that if—"

The Banker's deprecating hand nearly received the smashing newspaper blow aimed at his neighbour's hat.

"My friends . . ." he protested.

The Broker began to talk about the Rate, and the chance of its rising in the first part of September.

"Even if it does, isn't the effect all discounted?" suggested The Merchant. "In Mincing Lane—"

"The Mincing Lane rubber market isn't going to be affected by dearer money," declared The City Editor.

"It's bound to feel it to some extent, if only in sympathy with other things," The Broker considered.

"We are not going to have a Rubber boom, thank goodness," The Merchant averred; "and we don't want it, that's another thing. The best thing that can happen for everybody is a steady market at seven-and-six a pound, or thereabouts."

"Why is fine hard Para so much above plantation rubber?" inquired The Solicitor. "It used to be either about the same price or rather under."

"All the speculation in Rubber is in fine hard Para," said The Merchant. "The price of plantation is governed mainly by supply and demand, but the gambling helps to fix the Para price."

"Then, on what you say, there must be bears of fine hard Para?"

"That seems to be the logical conclusion. And if there are bears, they must close sooner or later."

"The marvellous perspicacity of us!" murmured The Jobber, unnoted.

"I've got Anglo-Dutch at par, and Anglo Dutch I mean to hold till all's blue," The Broker vowed.

"Better keep them till all's pink, and you may make a profit," was The Jobber's advice.

"What makes them so flat? They're only eighteen shillings or so, aren't they?"

"That's about it. There is a big bull account still unliquidated, and so long as this remains open, and the rest of the market is dull, you can't expect to see improvement."

"I see British North Borneo Trusts are very nearly five shillings discount," remarked The Solicitor. "Luckily, I didn't keep my shares. They look cheap now, all the same."

"So do Mid-Eds at about the same discount."

"What a chance for a new Trust Company now!" and The Broker laughed.

"Not a soul would look at it!"

"Even a kipper would sniff at it!"

The Broker begged his colleague not to let his wit run right away with him.

"Sorry," apologised the offender, with becoming solemnity.

"I'm glad salmon told me this wasn't the place for fishy jokes. Let me offer you one of my labels."

"Will this greatly puffed Rhodesian Trust do any good, do you think?" The Solicitor inquired.

The two House-men shrugged shoulders.

"It has bucked prices up a bit already," The Jobber answered. "The very talk of its coming helped to revive the market."

"How about Wanderers and Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia?"

"Wanderers I don't believe in, but the others aren't bad, of their kind," The Broker replied.

"I suppose we shall see Chartered over 2?"

"Well, the Trust will probably mix Chartered with the other eggs in its basket; but unless it wants to buy for demonstration purposes, I take it that the Board will be able to deal in Chartered outside the House better than in it."

The City Editor said he couldn't help thinking that the autumn would see a real rise in Kaffirs and Rhodesians.

"Not much scope for a Kaffir rise, except in some of the Deeps," ruminated The Jobber. "Or such things as Randfontein or Anglo-French."

"Rand Mines are not dear—"

"Neither are Crown Mines," added The City Editor. "And for a spec. good people tell me Oceanas. Personally, I regard Oceanas as a mere gamble, but they may be all right."

"The Scotch division are keen on Oceanas," observed The Broker—"Oceanas and Chartered."

"But why trouble about Kaffirs when you can make your thousands out of Yankees in half the time?" cried The Jobber, causing a general laugh.

"There's nothing to smile about. Yankees move faster than any market in the House, and you've only got to be a bull of sufficient Unions overnight in a rising market to make sufficient money to retire upon at the end of the account."

"Supposing—"

"That's just it. You mustn't stop to suppose. Your creditors will have plenty of leisure to suppose. Stop it, Brokie, or you'll be one of them."

"Unless there should be unforeseen money troubles in the autumn," prophesied The Solicitor, "I think we shall see Yankees soaring by Christmas-time."

"Canadas are bound to go over 200 again."

"And Unions to 190."

"And National Railways of Mexico Seconds to 40. They'll be that before I am, and my birthday's next spring. Bye-bye," and out The Jobber hopped on to the platform, as though he were nearer nineteen than thirty-nine.

CITY DEEP.

A friend asked me recently if I could tell him of any share which he could buy on the Stock Exchange with a reasonable prospect of seeing it increase in value to the extent of 50 per cent. I told him I could mention *one* share which, in my opinion, must advance in value to that extent if he would be content to hold it for, say, two years, and that share is *City Deep*. The present price is $4\frac{1}{2}$, and a 50 per cent. advance would bring it up to $6\frac{3}{4}$. If developments continue as at present, that is a price which should easily be reached within two years from now. The quarterly report, giving particulars of developments up to June 30, was received by the English shareholders on Saturday, and may be summarised as follows. Including 63,542 tons developed in the water-rights, and not previously declared, the ore developed in the quarter amounted to—

Payable.		Unpayable.		Total.	
Tons.	Value	Tons.	Value.	Tons.	Value.
310,313	9.2 dwt.	70,573	2.9 dwt.	380,886	8.0 dwt.

The total pay ore in reserve at the end of the quarter, excluding shaft pillars, was 2,017,761 tons. At the end of 1909 the total pay ore was 1,531,443 tons, of an average value of 8.32 dwt. During the first quarter of this year 180,534 tons of pay ore, of an average value of 10.6 dwt. were developed, so that the average value of the 2,017,761 tons now in reserve is approximately 8.65 dwt. In mining, a rather higher average may probably be reached, by narrower stoping; but, in any case, an extraction of about 35s. per ton may be reasonably expected. Putting working costs as high as 17s. 6d. per ton, this should leave a profit of 17s. 6d. on every ton milled. Milling is to commence in a few months' time on a scale of 800,000 tons per annum, giving a gross profit of £700,000 per annum, sufficient to pay 50 per cent. on the capital of £1,250,000. But milling-power will soon be increased, and within two years it seems very probable that the mills will be treating over 1,000,000 tons per annum, and by that time ore-reserves of 3,000,000 tons should have been accumulated. Within three years, on a moderate computation, the dividend should be at any rate equal to that paid by Crown Mines—namely, 6s. per cent., and as your readers are aware, Crown Mines are quoted at $\text{£}8\frac{1}{2}$. The property is an enormous one, and the question of "life" at present hardly enters into the calculation of value. The area so far developed represents about seventy claims out of a total of 1098 claims, which may give some idea of the expected contents of the mine. Shareholders have waited a long time for a return on their investment, and a little more patience is required for the inevitable delays which occur in starting such a gigantic mining proposition as this, but for those who have such patience there is likely to be an ample reward.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. T. (Hong Kong).—The concern certainly would not suit our money, and if you could get a fair surrender value, we think you might do well to take it, with thankfulness.

TENBY.—We have a poor opinion of the Company.

JOB.—No. 4 is the best of your list, and No. 2 has fair prospects. Nos. 1 and 5 are tolerably good, and the other we regret having no information about. We think you can do better with many others, the names of which appear from time to time in our columns. Sempahs are low now, so are Sapong and Cecily Preference.

SWERDNA.—Japanese Government $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. First Series, and Argentine Government 5 per cent., 1909. Both excellent for your purpose.

W. L.—We think that Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia are not at all a bad gamble at the present price.

DEFF.—We fear that the chances of your suggestions being carried into the range of practical politics are at present somewhat remote.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Derby I like these: Portland Plate, Behn-a-Bahn; Breeders' Foal Stakes, Mary Carmichael; Devonshire Nursery, Arctic Belle; Breeders' St. Leger, Charles O'Malley; Harrington Plate, Gallego; Peveril of the Peak Plate, Double Thrush; Friary Nursery, Corea. At Kempton these may go close: Earlsfield Handicap, Edward; Waterloo Nursery, Belle of Troy filly; Halliford Plate, Dollar Prince; Breeders' Foal Plate, Santa Casa filly; September Nursery, Katanga.

GENERAL NOTES.

IT will be distressing news to many that Mr. Joseph Arch, ex-M.P., is lying ill at his little home in Barford. Englishmen are suspicious of agitators, as a rule, but no one ever doubted the bona fides of Mr. Arch. He had begun his career on fourpence a day, and after five-and-thirty years of herculean toil he had not, despite the most guarded thrift, been able to save a penny. Nine shillings a week is not much for a man with wife and family, and when he raised the banner of revolt on behalf of the agricultural labourers of England, people really did believe in him. They believed in him all along, and when they carried him to Parliament, he had King Edward not only as an open admirer, but as a constituent. In Parliament Mr. Arch rarely took part in debates; he merely worked. All parties in Parliament conspired to honour him at his retirement, and their admiration took the form of a £150 annuity for this sterling son of the soil.

The recent robbery at the White City has led one of the firms victimised to wonder whether the vanished treasures were quite as carefully guarded as might have been the case. We are not to infer from this that precautions are not taken in advance when exhibitions of this character and others causing the assembling of many people are toward. Even Barnum the mighty had to give assurances upon many points ere his greatest show was licensed for London. The examination to which he was submitted must have been as severe as that of a taxicabby applying to the police headquarters for a license. "What," asked a County Council official, "what steps would you take supposing a tiger escaped?" "D—big steps," answered the King of Showmen.

Sir Rupert Boyce, who has just returned to town from West Africa, does not report himself to Scotland Yard: they do not know him there. But he is one of the finest detectives in the Empire. His quest is not man, but mosquitoes. He has not been to Africa for pleasure. They have had yellow fever there, and he has been out to cure it. He knows the culprit whence the pestilence spreads—it is the iniquitous *Stegomyia fasciata*, a deadly mosquito, one bite from which suffices to transmit its deadly toxin to a man. Sir Rupert sought the little monster when it was slaying men like stricken sheep some years ago in Central America—sought and found it, and came back to thrill all Europe with the good news that it could be found, fought, and conquered. He has investigated tropical disease in many lands, and is a most puissant son of Empire, inasmuch as he declares that a nation, in whatever clime, may keep itself free from disease. And he shows the way to do it. The man in the London street hears little of Sir Rupert Boyce, but the latter is known and honoured throughout Europe, and his name stands for health and happiness in our Imperial wilds.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman heaped coals of fire upon the head of Mr. G. W. E. Russell by offering him a Privy Councillorship, as the latter has been telling us. The head of his house, the former Duke of Bedford, was less genial. Mr. Russell, as a fledgeling, wrote a rather acid article on the old-time Whigs. The Duke resented this, and thus addressed him: "My dear George,—You must now be making so good an income out of your literary talents that you will scarcely expect me to continue your allowance or pay your election expenses after this year." Mr. Russell was happily able to dispense with both these favours to a younger son's son. But there are other coals which friends of Mr. Justin McCarthy would once gladly have heaped upon the Russellian pate. The scion of the ducal house was directing the historian and some American ladies to a certain part of the House of Commons: "You will find the door behind my uncle's statue," he said. They did. The statue was Earl Russell's. And the American ladies swore that the reference to "my uncle" was planned only to remind them what ancestorless creatures they were.

Ireland, as is her custom at this season, makes some pretensions to great company. Her native nobility returns, and she even tolerates a smattering of strangers from the Peerage of a neighbouring isle. The Duke of Westminster always attends the Dublin Horse Show if he possibly can, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Waterford find no difficulty in reaching the capital for the great Week from Curraghmore. The Lansdownes are at Dureen, and Lord and Lady Greville have lately arrived at Clonhugh, their place in Westmeath, an address of welcome being offered to the bride and bridegroom at Mullingar. For a brief space the Horse Show emptied the rest of Ireland, but Dublin is deserted again.

Lady Betty Balfour has cut loose the P. L. This does not mean that she has snubbed Mr. Alfred Austin, who uses those initials to remind his friends that he is the successor of another Alfred in the Poet Laureateship; it means that she has found it necessary to relinquish the Presidency of her branch of the Primrose League. There are other cases in which far differing honours, persons, or Corporations, are abbreviated to the same set of initials. Thus R.A. means either an officer of the Royal Artillery or a Royal Academician, and in a popular book of reference the officers of another regiment provide the opportunity for an equally inapposite conjunction of ideas. D.G. is said to stand for Dei Gratia (by the Grace of God) or the Dragoon Guards.

£1000 INSURANCE. See Cover 3.

SUPPLEMENT: Society on the Hearth (Captain and Mrs. Archibald Weigall)—Miss Maxwell—A Fair German—The Wreck of the Flying Express: The Train Disaster of the Future—Miss Phyllis Le Grand—Mrs. W. H. Dutton—Mr. Wilmshurst's Type of Austrian Beauty.

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(The world-renowned Inventor of the Famous Maxim Gun)

Great Curative Inventions,



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Affections,
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Asthma, and all
Lung Troubles,

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An Illustrated booklet has just been published giving the full history of these inventions. It also contains some valuable information on Hay Fever, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, and most diseases of the Nose, Throat, Bronchi, and Lungs. All sufferers **FREE** are invited to write at once for a free copy to Sir Hiram Maxim's sole licensees, Messrs. John Morgan Richards & Sons, Ltd., Dept. G, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

The "Pipe of Peace" and the Maxim Inhaler can be purchased at all principal Stores, Chemists, &c., and at the 350 branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, throughout the United Kingdom; in all European Capitals, and in India and the Colonies; in Australasia, of Messrs. Elliott Bros., Ltd., Sydney, and Messrs. Felton Grimwade and Co., Melbourne. Depôts established in China and the Far East, also in North and South America and Canada.

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143—22/6

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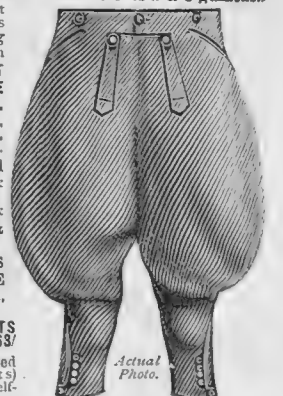
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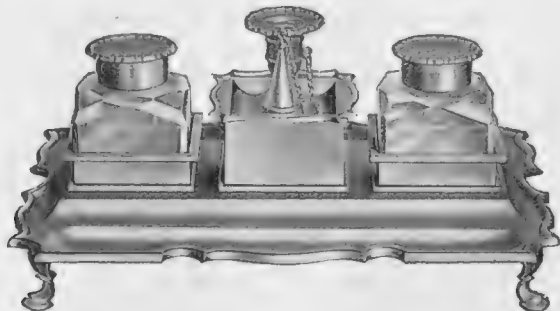


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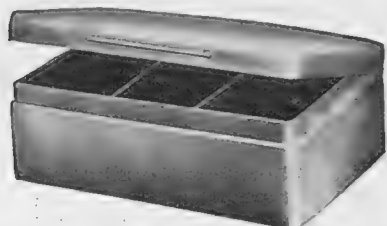
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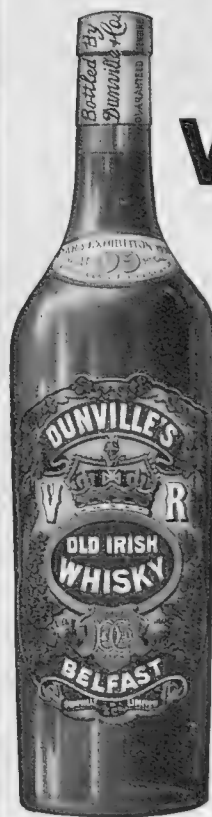
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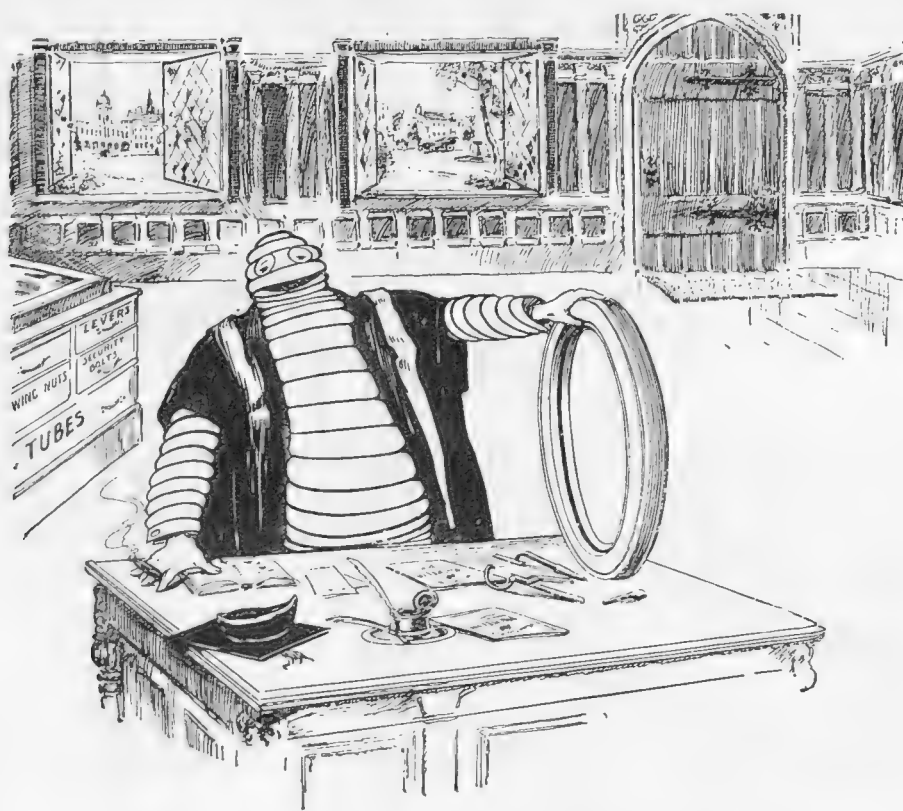


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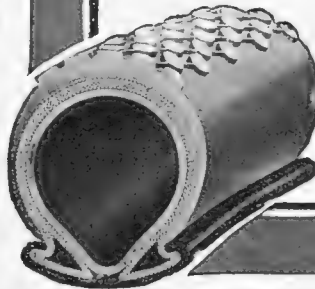
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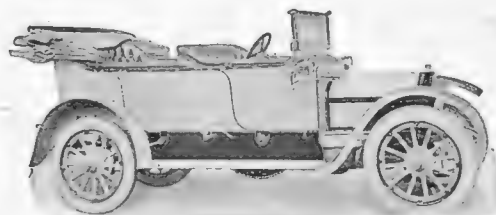
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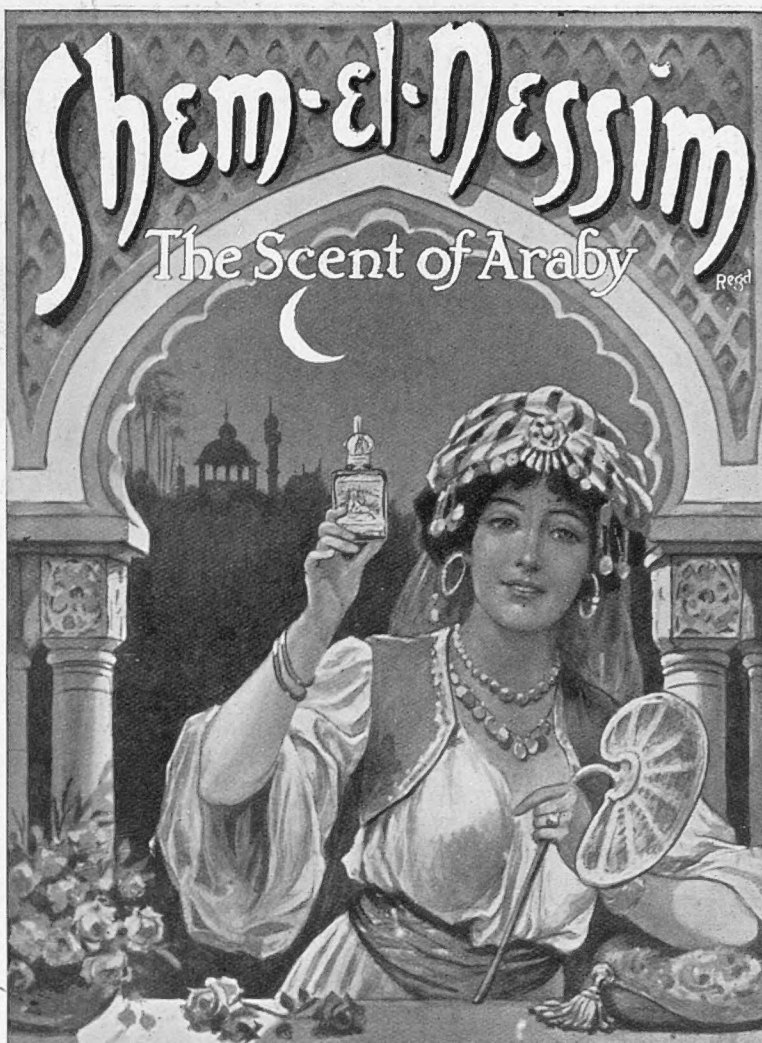
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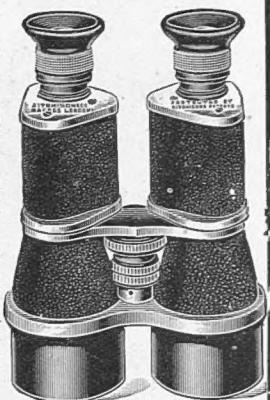
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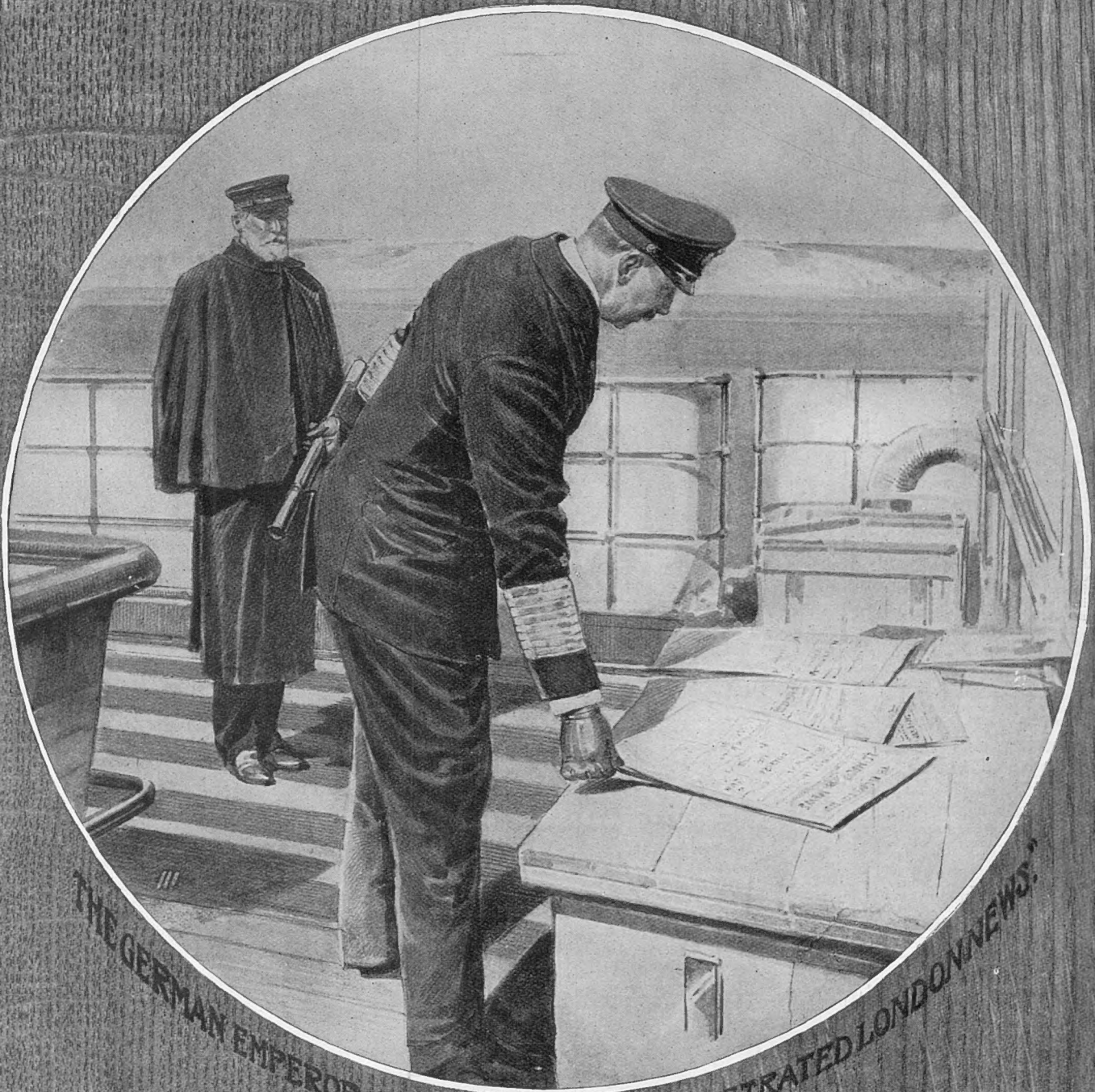
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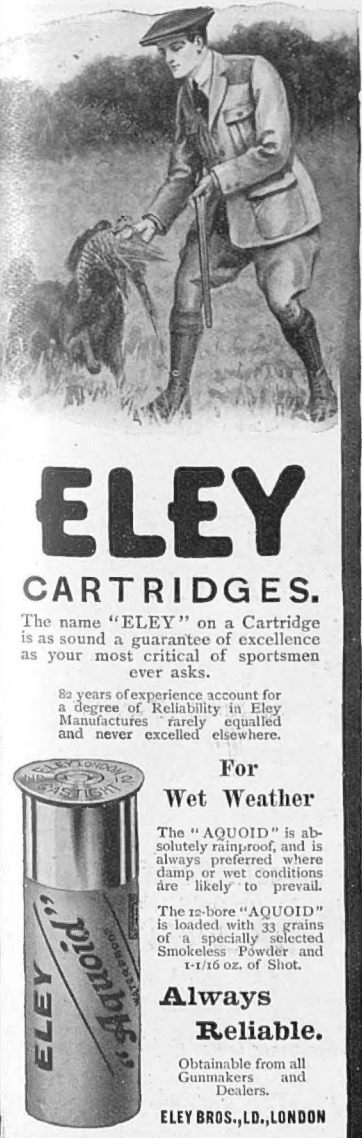
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THE KING AS A SPORTSMAN.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

THOUGH scarcely, perhaps, the all-round sportsman that his father was, King George as an active participant in certain branches of sport may be said to excel our late King Edward. In his youth he developed much talent as a lawn-tennis player, and amongst royalty he has no superior, save and except, perhaps, the present King of Sweden, with whom he has engaged in many a stirring contest. As an expert fisherman he is doubtless better known, and his interest in rod and line is still of the keenest. Playing trout and salmon, he can hold his own with anyone, and it may safely be averred that, of all the sport with which his friends each year delight to provide him, nothing gives him greater pleasure than the week's fishing in the delightful seclusion of the Gordon Castle demesne. Here the Duke of Richmond annually entertains him towards the close of the Scottish shooting season, by which time moor, covert, and forest have been considerably thinned by the King's exceptional powers of execution.

For it is as a superb shot—one without a peer amongst royalty and with few equals in Europe—that King George is best known in the world of sport. As a marksman his fame is almost as well known abroad as it is at home, for the big-game expeditions of his much-travelled career, during which he has compassed almost a quarter of the whole habitable globe, have drawn the attention of the world to his remarkable prowess with the rifle. During his Indian tour his splendid resourcefulness, his adaptability to varying circumstances, his exceptional coolness, clearness of vision, steadiness of hand and firmness of finger won for him encomiums on every side. This is high praise indeed, for it is testimony following on as severe a test of marksmanship and all those other qualities understood of your big-game hunter as any sportsman has been called upon to undergo. The severity of the test will be understood when one mentions that of the many species of animal life accounted for by the King were tigers, panthers, hyænas, Sambhar stags, boars, imperial and small grouse, ducks and hares.

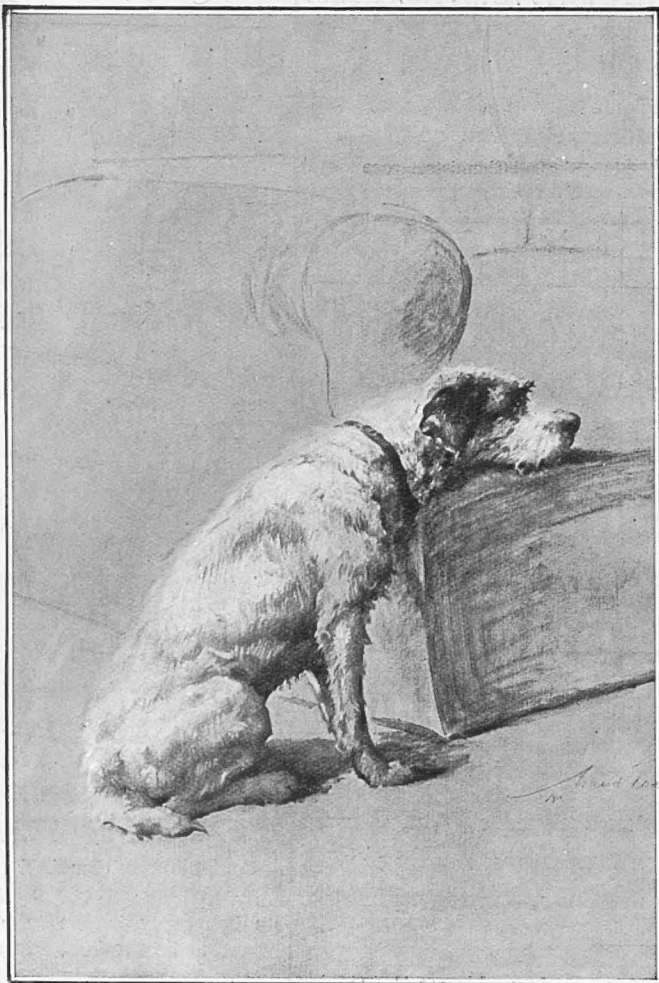
It is a curious coincidence that Jaipur should have provided both father and son with their first tiger, and one who was privileged to see each bit of execution rates King George's despatch of his noble beast as by far the finer of the two. At Paniar another beautiful shot laid low a second of these great beasts, and, later on, he brought down half-a-dozen tigers, all with equal facility.

But, difficult as is the shooting of the animal life of the Indian moors and forests, it is supposed to compare unfavourably with the sand-grouse shooting to be found in all its perfection at Bikanir. Grouse-shooting, too, on a Scotch or English moor is but child's

play beside it. Far stronger and more powerful on the wing, and wilder, too, than the red species we know here, the imperial grouse are so terribly timid by nature that they are extremely difficult to bag in any quantities. But so exceptionally facile did King George prove himself to be, that his personal bag of 207—more than a sixth of the whole—was as large again as that of any other member of the party. His Majesty's shooting on this occasion more deeply impressed the native sportsmen than at any other time.

King George's home exploits among grouse, partridges, pheasants, and deer are so well known as to need little mention here. Unrivalled opportunities are, of course, given him year by year for indulging in his best-loved sport, for there are few finer sporting estates than those of the Duke of Devonshire in Wharfedale, of Lord Iveagh and the Earl of Ancaster in Lincolnshire, of the Earl of Powis in Montgomeryshire, and the Duke of Westminster in Cheshire; of Earl Howe in Leicestershire, and of Lord Farquhar, whose estates join those of the King at Sandringham, over all of which, and many others, his Majesty regularly shoots during the season. The royal demesnes of Windsor, Sandringham, and Balmoral also provide the King with plenty of sport, and it was in the corries of the latter that a year ago his Majesty recorded an astonishing week's stalk, claiming no fewer than thirteen of the twenty-two stags that fell to the rifles, a bag which included one of the largest stags, weighing just under twenty stone, ever shot in the district. It is with very real zest that King George enters upon his shooting excursions. His is no doleful spirit, for no matter what the circumstances or conditions, he is always the most cheerful and jovial member of the party. A bad day's sport has never been known to depress him, and by no one, not even by the humblest retainer, has his Majesty ever been known to complain. The King can rough it with anyone, if necessary—his early training was an admirable schooling in this respect—and the plainer the outdoor luncheon by moor or hedgerow, the better he likes it, for he is a simple liver. Thus he is always in the very best of condition.

The King's sympathy is not, however, confined to those sports in which he takes an active interest. We have had proof of his concern in the sports more nearly connected with his people by his attendance at cricket and football matches. He has also witnessed lacrosse matches at Lord's and hockey at Queen's, and besides watching lawn-tennis at Wimbledon, has given a challenge cup for open competition. Of yachting, as of everything appertaining to the sea, he is a keen devotee, but, although he has signified his intention of racing the late King's stud, he is not particularly attached to the Turf on account of the gambling element, of which he has great abhorrence. As a devotee of the open-air life King George stands for all that is noblest and best in sport.



SILENT SORROW.

Caesar, King Edward's wire-haired fox-terrier, was one of his late Majesty's most faithful and devoted friends. He was seldom separated from his master; he accompanied him on all his travels abroad, and was really happy only when he was with him. Now he is inconsolable, a silent mourner. He succeeded Jack, who died some five years ago. On his collar were the words: "I am Caesar, and belong to the King."

THE Illustrated London News

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